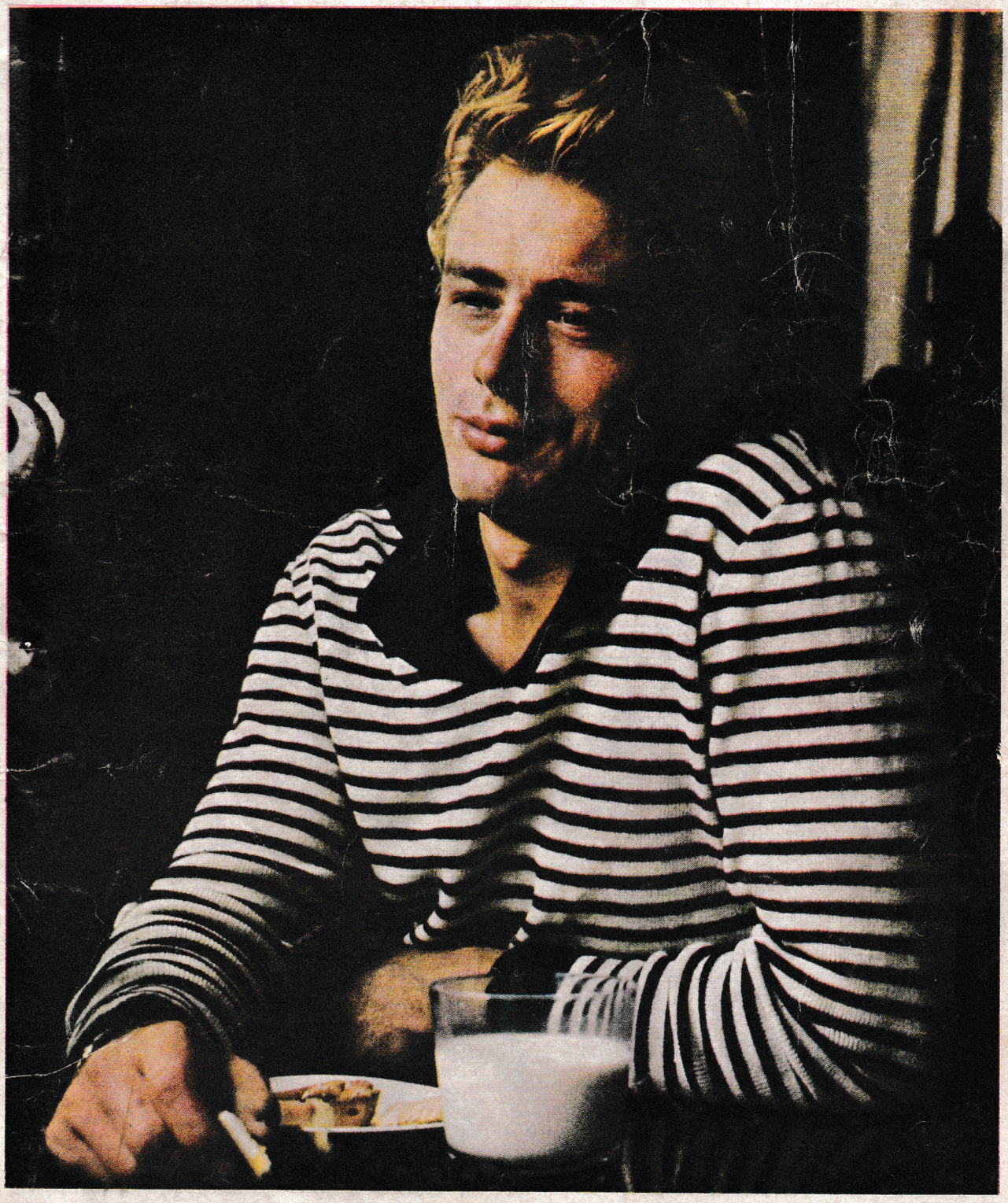
THE REAL JAMES DEAN STORY

25 CENTS



THE REAL JAMES DEAN STORY

MARY CALLAHAN, Editor
LARRY THOMAS, Associate Editor ELECTRA YOURKE, Associate Editor
E. ALLAN HINRICHS, Art Editor JERRY CURCIO, Art Assistant

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1

JAMES DEAN'S LIFE STORY IN HIS OWN WORDS 2

THE MAN BEHIND THE LEGEND ..... Kathryn Tate 6

MY FRIEND, JIMMY ..... Robert Hinkle 10

THE JIMMY DEAN I DATED ..... Lori Nelson 14

THE DEAN I KNEW ..... Sal Mineo 18

A FRIEND, A FAN, A FIGHTER ..... Hedda Hopper 22

THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE 24

THE STAR THEY'LL NEVER FORGET 28

THIS WAS HIS GREATNESS 30

EAST OF EDEN 32

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE 36

GIANT 40

BEHIND THE SCENES 44

THE LONELY ONE ..... Ernst Jacobi 46

JIMMY DEAN IS NOT DEAD ..... Jim Cook 50

Cover Portrait of James Dean by Sanford Roth—Rapho-Guillumette

PUBLISHED BY FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, INC., FAWCETT PLACE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT.
EDITORIAL OFFICES, 67 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y. TRADE-MARK OF FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, INC. COPYRIGHT 1956 BY FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, INC. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

JAMES DEAN'S LIFE STORY

Jimmy didn't like to talk about himself. When he did, it was short and to the point. Here is what he said

This biographical stuff, the kind of baloney the columnists thrive on, is one thing I can't stomach.

I'm an actor by accident, I guess, though I've always been involved in some kind of theatrical bit since I was a child—you know, school plays, music, debate and stuff.

I grew up in a little Indiana town named Fairmount. I was an only child. My father was a farmer, but he was something of an artist, too. He had this remarkable adeptness with his hands.

I studied the violin when I was a kid, but it didn't take. That was Mother's idea. If she hadn't died, I'd probably be sawing away yet. Having no mother is tough on a kid, you know. But when she died, I went to live with my aunt and uncle—great people.

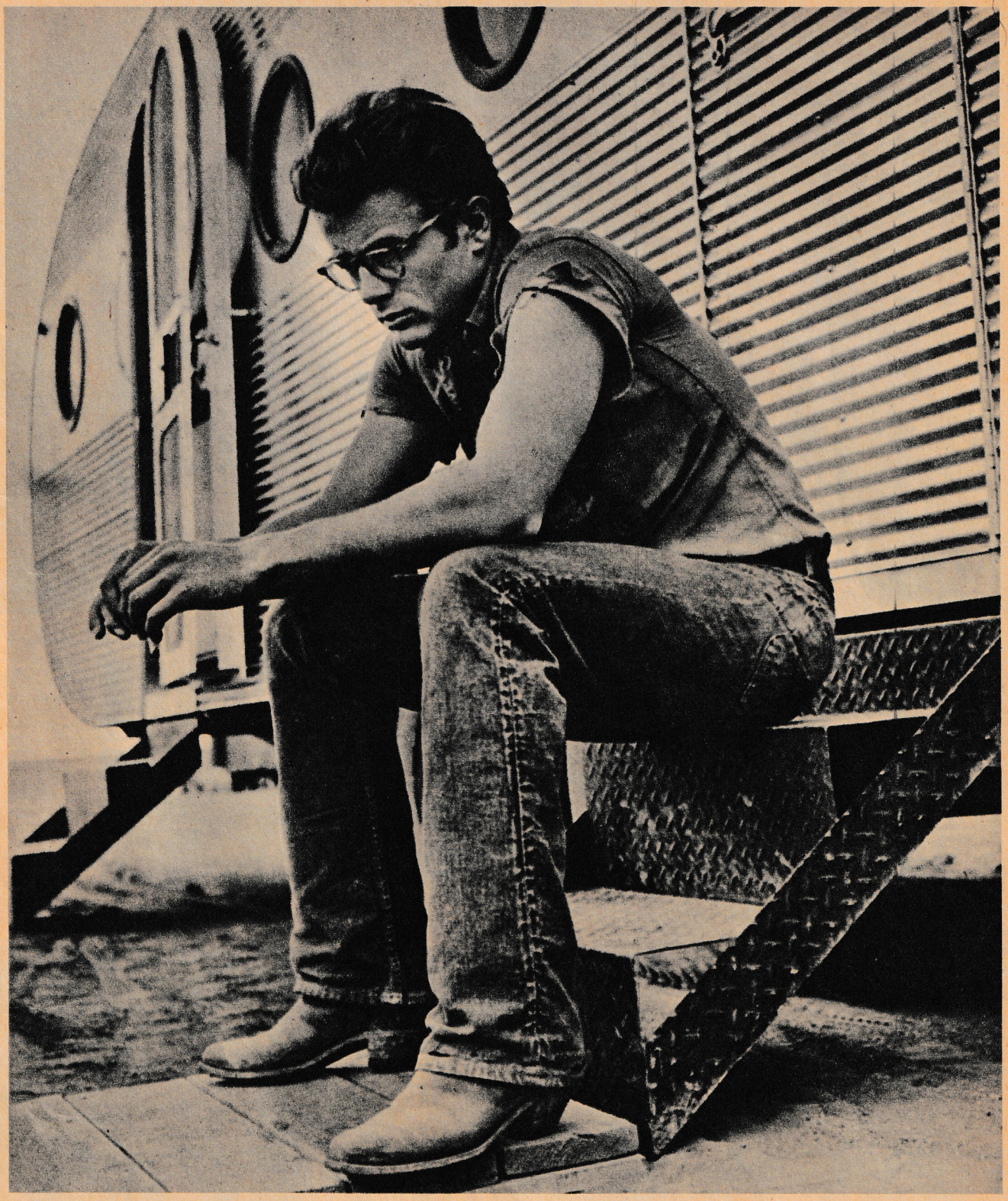
The way I figure it, whatever abilities I may have now took shape when I was in high school. I also went in for sports like pole-vaulting and track in order to prove something to myself. Track gave me the sense of discipline I needed. Later on, I won a state oratorical contest. I think I might have won the national contest, but I didn't go on with it.

After graduation, I went to live with my father in Los Angeles, and just for the hell of it, I signed up at U. C. L. A. for a pre-law course. But that didn't pan out—I guess I wasn't serious enough about it. I even joined a fraternity there on campus, but I busted a couple of guys in the nose and got myself kicked out. As for the law course, well, law calls for a certain talent for dramatics, but I guess it wasn't my cup of tea.

By then, I had a notion that acting might be the career for me. When I first mentioned acting to Dad, he didn't think it was such a hot idea. He'd seen too much Hollywood garbage and thought I'd be wasting my time. Don't get me wrong, though. I'm not knocking Hollywood. I'm in no position to.

After I decided to try my luck in pictures, I contacted an agent and got a handful of small parts in movies like *Has Anybody Seen My Gal?* It was one of those frothy family-type musicals. In that one, I had a line or two as this fresh kid who comes into a drugstore where Charles Coburn is filling in behind the fountain. I was supposed to give him an elaborate description of an ice cream sundae I wanted. He listens, then says to me, "Would you come back tomorrow for a fitting?"

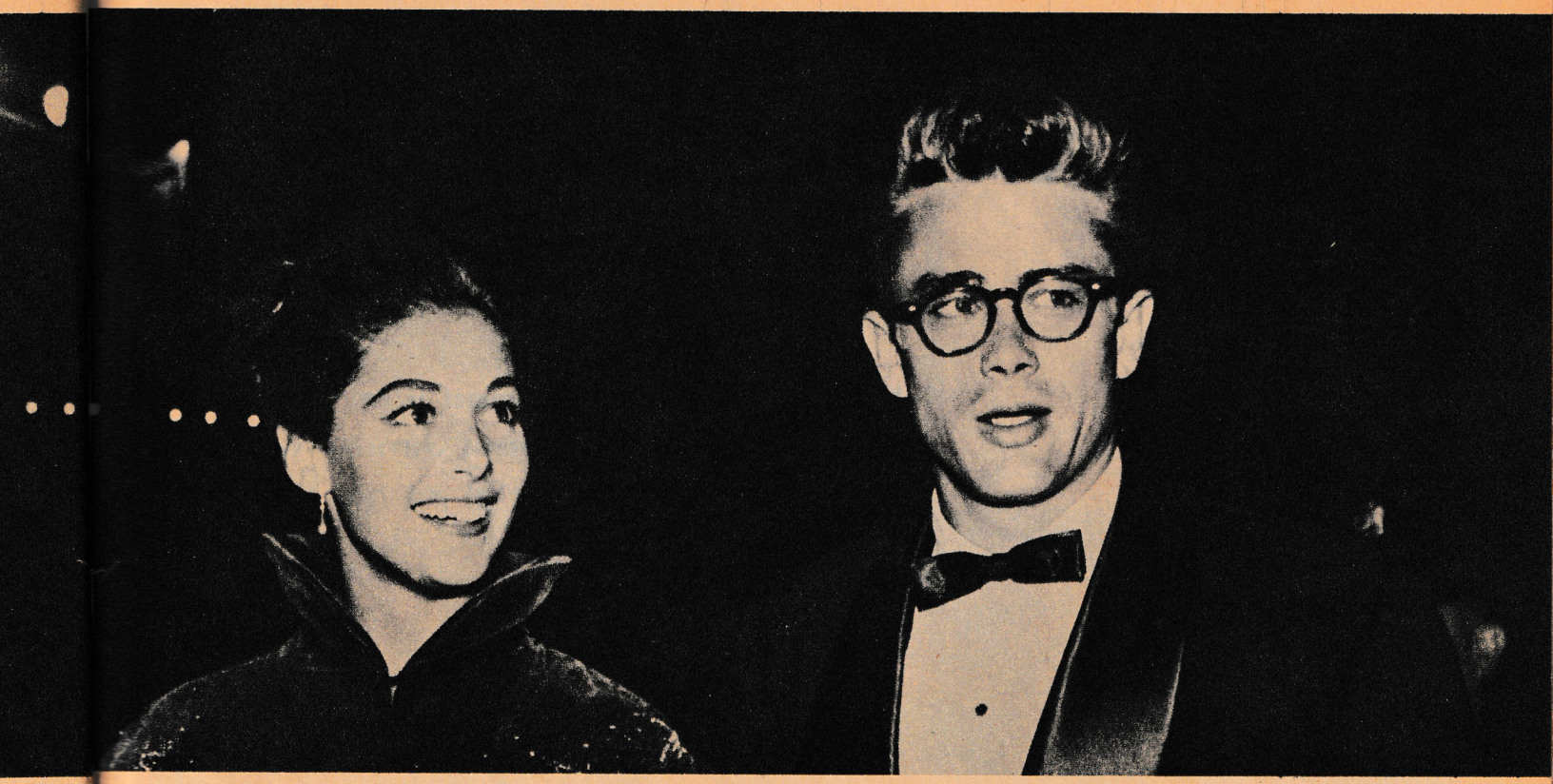
Then there was *Fixed Bayonets*, a



in his own words

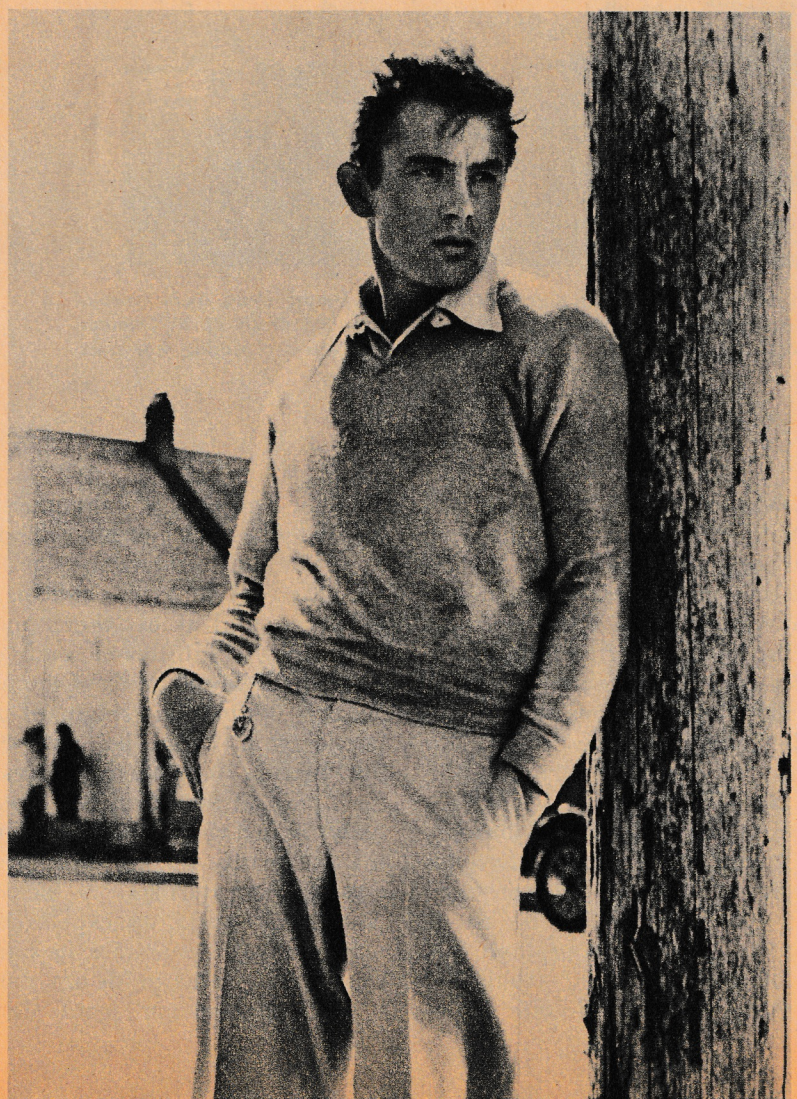
"To me, acting is the most logical way for a person with problems to express himself. I think all of us have a great need to let go. Acting is my outlet."

"George Stevens, for my money, is the greatest director of them all. He's so real, so unassuming, and he doesn't miss a thing. He was born for the movies."



"Pier Angeli is a rare person. Unlike most Hollywood girls, she is real and genuine. Her only trouble is that she gets confused by listening to too many advisors."

"I grew up in a little Indiana town named Fairmount. I was an only child, and my mother died when I was nine. Having no mother is tough on a kid, you know."



Korean war picture. There we were, all crouched down behind this hill, covered with dirt and sweat. And it was night, raining, real Hollywood, you know. I had exactly one line. It went: "It's a rear guard coming back." What a part.

The move to New York turned out to be a wise one, I think. I picked up odd jobs here and there, and I began to study at the Actors Studio, under Lee Strasberg. Most of what I've learned about acting has come from that man. He's incredible, a walking encyclopedia, with a fantastic insight into human behavior.

[*Please turn to page* 57]

Recent photograph of Jimmy's father, Winton Dean, and aunt and uncle, the Marcus Winslows, who raised him, was taken by Jimmy on his last trip home before his death.

PHYLLIS COX
Y-Teens 2
Girls Basketball 1-2
Girls Baseball 1-2
Choir 1-2
Stage Prompter 2-4

Phyllis is happy the live-long day. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we all were that way.

JAMES BYRON DEAN
Basketball 1-2-3-4
Track 1-2-3-4
Play 1-2-3-4
Thespians 3-4
F Club 1-2-3-4
Band 1-4

Jim is our circular basketball guy, and when you're around him time will fly.

Upper left: Jimmy was a hot-shot guard on the basketball court, an all-round athlete at other sports. Above: page from his high school annual shows wide range of extra-curricular activities, which he loved.

were on a far lesser scale. Yet there were certain similarities that were, nevertheless, compelling. They were similarities of personality, attitude, behavior—even of impact upon his contemporaries.

Like Byron, Jimmy delighted in thumbing his nose at stuffed shirts, rebelling against hypocrisy and superficial conformity to the conventional standards expected from a movie star. Like Byron, he was fearless to the point of recklessness. Like Byron, though Jimmy was not a truly handsome man, he was enormously attractive to women by virtue of what can only be called magnetism. Like Byron with his first handful of poems, Jimmy Dean captured the imagination of his public with his first major performance, that of Cal in *East of Eden*. And again like Byron, he achieved this impact by the sheer force of his personality. Jimmy was disliked by some people, admired and beloved by others, a cipher to no one. James Dean was an actor, an artist, and a singularly brilliant personality whose influence was felt even though his career and life were so short.

James Dean was a unique personality. Never could he have been compared to the kid next door. No average 24-year-old has as many facets to his character as Jimmy Dean had. He was complex, versatile, brilliant, talented, ambitious and uncompromisingly independent.

One day, just before shooting on *Giant* was finished, Jimmy didn't show up. Mercedes McCambridge, though she'd badly bruised herself in a fall the day before and should have been in bed resting, had gritted her teeth and come to work. George Stevens, the director, was there. The cameramen were there, the electricians were there, the studio grips, extras, make-up personnel and all the rest of the vast studio crew were there. All except James Byron Dean, without whom the shooting couldn't continue. Jimmy had gotten fed up just sitting around and waiting the previous couple of days and didn't feel like showing up for work that morning. A lot of people didn't like it.

That was one side of Jimmy Dean.

Driving near Marfa, Tex., a few weeks earlier, Jimmy had seen a wrecked, overturned car on the side of the road. [*Please turn to page* 56]

Jimmy's best friend and confidant was composer Leonard Rosenman, with whom he was studying piano and composition. He once directed an opera of Lenny's for music festival.

Never too busy to ham it up, Jimmy delighted his friends on set with his antics.

His sleek, new Porsche was Jimmy's prize possession. Speaking of racing, he once said, "It's the only time I feel whole."

Photography was more than a hobby to Jim. He planned, eventually, to direct films, consequently wanted to know camera technique.

MY FRIEND, JIMMY

WHEN YOU SPEND AS MUCH TIME WITH A GUY AS I DID WITH JIMMY DEAN, YOU GET TO KNOW HIM VERY WELL

BY BOB HINKLE
as told to
MARK FLANDERS

I first met Jimmy Dean at Warner Brothers studio, where I had been signed up as dialect coach to teach players our Texas accent for *Giant*.

One day, Jimmy introduced himself and said he'd like to work with me as much as possible to pick up my accent.

We sat around just laughing and joking for a while. When he left, he shook hands and said, "Maybe next week sometime, you'll come over on the set and kind of shoot the breeze with me."

That was the beginning of our friendship. And I'm proud to say Jimmy Dean and I became very good friends.

We really got to know each other when we were down in Marfa, Texas, on location. For five weeks, we were together about 16 hours a day. I often think back to those days when we were so close.

After a hard day of work, we'd go out at night and hunt rabbits. We'd drive along a dirt road until we caught the rabbits in the lights of our car and then get out and shoot them. The ranchers down there ought to be grateful to Jimmy and me because rabbits are a great nuisance in Texas, and we got 261 during the time we were there. We also bagged two coyotes.

But more than shooting rabbits or coyotes, it was just being on that broad Texas plain under the bright stars and that strange bigness of Texas that was memorable. You feel it most at night, when it's quiet and lonely and there's no human being around to break the spell with talk.

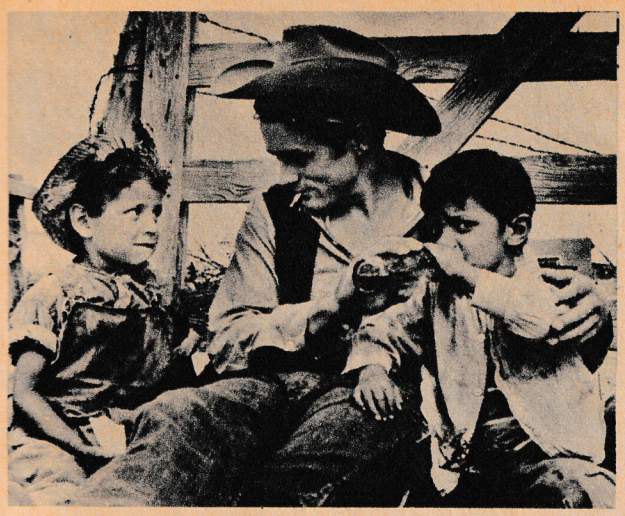
Once, we got a real eerie feeling. We caught a pair of eyes in our lights and climbed out to shoot, thinking it was a rabbit. But suddenly, I said, "Wait a minute."

I called, "Kitty, kitty, kitty."

It came running up—just a scrawny old house cat—and began rubbing against our legs as if it were lonely and glad for company. Somehow, it made the darkness seem even emptier than before.

One night, I'll admit, we were suckers. Jane Withers begged so hard to go along that we took her and another girl with us. You know how girls are. They practically cried

Bob Hinkle taught Jimmy to build a loop and in no time he was amazing the Texas cowboys with his skill.



Jimmy was at ease with children, loved having them around. His little friend often brought a pal on his daily visit.

After a hard day's work, Jimmy liked nothing better than to go off on the lonely Texas plain with Bob and his dog and spend the night shooting rabbits.

There were two Jimmy Deans, really. One was a prankster who was always laughing and kidding and loved having a female audience. The other Jim was a serious businessman who couldn't be outsmarted.

Jimmy could learn anything he set his mind to. When a fan gave him a baritone recorder, he tootled away on it.

During a Mexican week-end trip, Jimmy saw a bullfight. After that, he was swirling a red cape around all the time. He caught on fast.

every time we shot at a rabbit. That night, we got a coyote—darndest creature. We shot at him four or five times. Each shot knocked him down but didn't kill him. He'd get up and run again. Finally, he couldn't run any more. He lay down by the fence at the side of the road.

I went up to put him out of his misery, but the girls couldn't stand it. They almost had a fit, screaming and shrieking to let him live. Well, coyotes are real pests in Texas and hated by everyone there, and I'm a born Texan. I couldn't be so cruel as to leave that poor animal to suffer, yet it was useless for Jimmy and me to try and explain that to Jane and her friend. Being girls, they were just too tender-hearted for hunting trips. We never took them again.

When you see as much of a fellow as I saw of Jimmy down at Marfa you get to know him pretty well. People had told me he was moody and hard to get along with, that he clammed up and wouldn't talk. That's a lot of nonsense. He could talk your arm off.

But Jimmy never chattered. He was a very entertaining fellow because he was so interested in everything. He could talk about cattle, horses and rodeoing, and about music, poetry and literature. He read everything from *Pancho Villa* to comic books. He liked all kinds of music, from classical pieces to sambas. He had a terrific hi-fi set and a huge collection of recordings of African music.

His pet subject, though, was sports cars. He started racing them in Palm Springs about a year before his accident. All the time we were in Texas, he kept talking about the big Mexican Road Race that he was going to enter.

The studio people didn't want him to race. They used to say, "Don't do it. But, if you do, be careful." Jimmy would say, "Everybody likes a winner, and so far I've won."

No one realized more than Jimmy that people get killed racing cars. But his philosophy was that there's danger in anything. Besides, he felt safe because he was always out in front in those races. He won six trophies.

As far as danger is concerned, I never saw Jimmy afraid of anything—not even a rattlesnake. One night when we were out hunting jackrabbits, he nearly stepped on a rattler. There in the dark, anyone else would have lit out like mad. Jimmy didn't. He kept trying to find and kill that snake. We grubbed and tramped all around there. I never saw a guy as stubborn as Jimmy. He could have just gotten in his car and driven away, but he [*Please turn to page* 61]

Everyone was shutter-happy in Texas. Rock Hudson had what we called the third camera unit and Jimmy had the fourth. With all those photographers around, Jimmy got some expert instruction. Below is a picture of his Mexican friend, Muchacho. He came up to Jimmy every morning and said "Allo, Señor," then followed him around all during the day.

THE JIMMY DEAN I DATED

By Lori Nelson

Lori first met Jimmy through their mutual friend and agent, Dick Clayton, above.

They called him a carbon copy of Marlon Brando, a screwball Bohemian, a "dirty shirt" actor, an egocentric non-conformist, and other things even worse. But the James Dean that I knew was none of these things.

He was certainly no poor man's Brando. I've never met Marlon, but I suspect that some of the things columnists have said about him are as preposterous as the fantasies they built up about Jimmy.

I knew and dated Jimmy off and on for over a year, and I'd like to tell you about him.

I first met Jimmy through our mutual friend and agent, Dick Clayton, and we hit it off from the start. I guess it was simply a case of any friend of Dick's being a friend of Jimmy's. So we started out with an important bond in common—a close friend whom we both admired.

Even so, Jimmy felt his way cautiously. He was polite, shy and hesitant, and he stood off, scrutinizing and studying, and saying surprisingly little. For me, it was a pleasant surprise to find him so shy. Believe me—most of the men in Hollywood are anything but.

I don't mean he was ill at ease. There's a difference, you know. He was just reserved, composed. A week later, we went out for the first time.

It was a simple date—the kind where you make your own fun, the kind I've come to love best. We started out by going horseback riding (he was a wonderful rider!), then caught an early show and ended up later visiting Jimmy's former New York roommate, Lennie Rosenman. It was terrific. We gathered around the piano while Lennie played, and then we sat around on the floor until the wee hours talking and listening to Lennie's record collection.

I went home with a real glow. Everything had been so real and honest, and so nice. There was none of that empty glitter you feel on so many Hollywood dates.

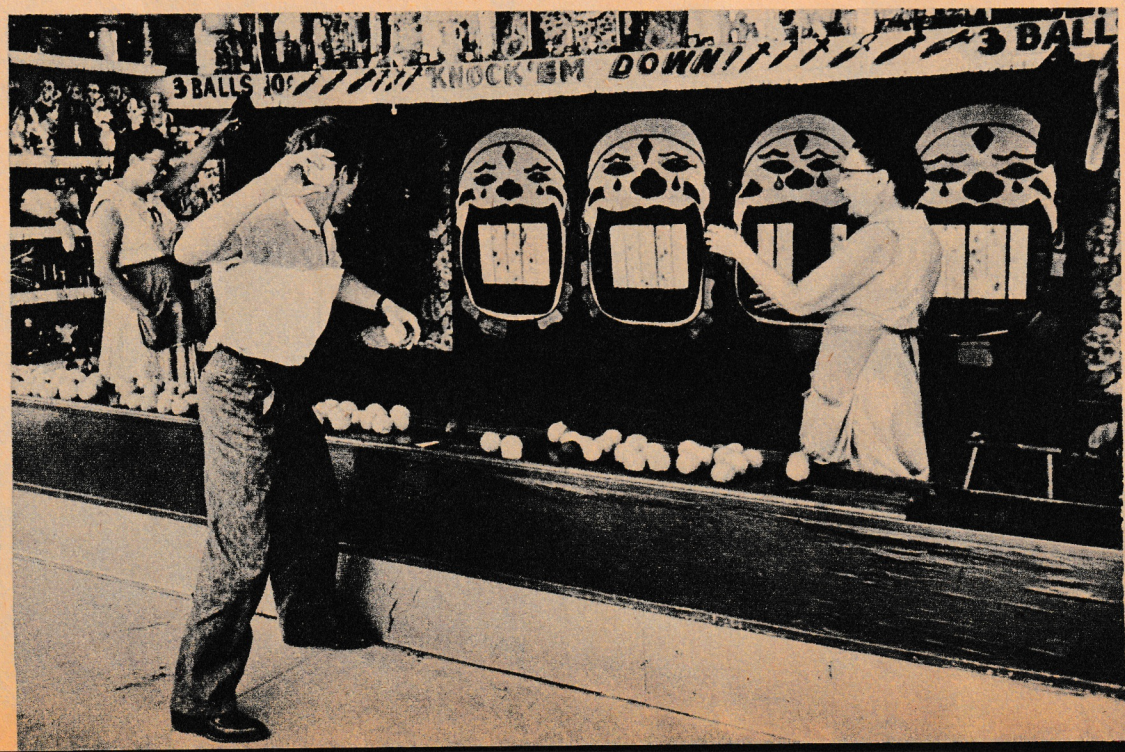
That first date was typical of all we had later—relaxed, casual evenings spent doing something which we both enjoyed, and with no pretense. That's the Jimmy Dean I knew—a person who was himself, no matter what the circumstances.

Because he lived his life his own way, and not according to Hollywood dictates, he came in for criticism. The columnists took pokes at Jimmy for his casual clothes, his levis, slacks, sport shirts, and his black leather motorcycle jacket and cycle boots. All of these they interpreted as the trademark of an eccentric.

Quite frankly, I can't understand what all the fuss was about. There was nothing unusual in the way Jimmy dressed. All the boys I went to school

Photo by Globe

Jimmy became an expert at whatever he tried—even the yo-yo. Above, he tried out a new talent in a wide space where no fragile furniture would be endangered. Below, he expertly pitched balls in a local amusement park. He won a stuffed animal which he gave to a little girl who, with her father, visited the set of *Rebel Without a Cause*.



Jimmy was often criticized by the press and public for his leather jackets, for his bluejeans, for his tousled hair. Gibes and comparisons between himself and Brando never bothered him.

with dressed exactly the same way—casually, comfortably and very practically. But the way some people tell the story, Jimmy wore nothing else but this kind of clothing. This was not true.

Speaking of clothes, I remember the day I dashed over for a costume fitting at Warners, where I was making *I Died a Thousand Times*. I was wearing jeans and, knowing I'd be slipping in and out of dresses all afternoon, I'd braided my hair in pigtails. Frankly, I was a mess! I just hadn't counted on running into anyone I knew on the back lot. Then who should turn the corner but Jimmy Dean, my date for that evening.

He stopped and tilted his head in that comical Dean way, then let out with a big grin. "Hi, Lori!" he said. I wanted the earth to open up and swallow me, but I blushed and mumbled something about being late for an appointment and said I would see him later. Then I flew.

That evening, when Jimmy came to pick me up, I hoped he had forgotten the incident. But no such luck. When my mother came into the living room, Jimmy took great pleasure in telling her how he had caught me with my hair up and my style down.

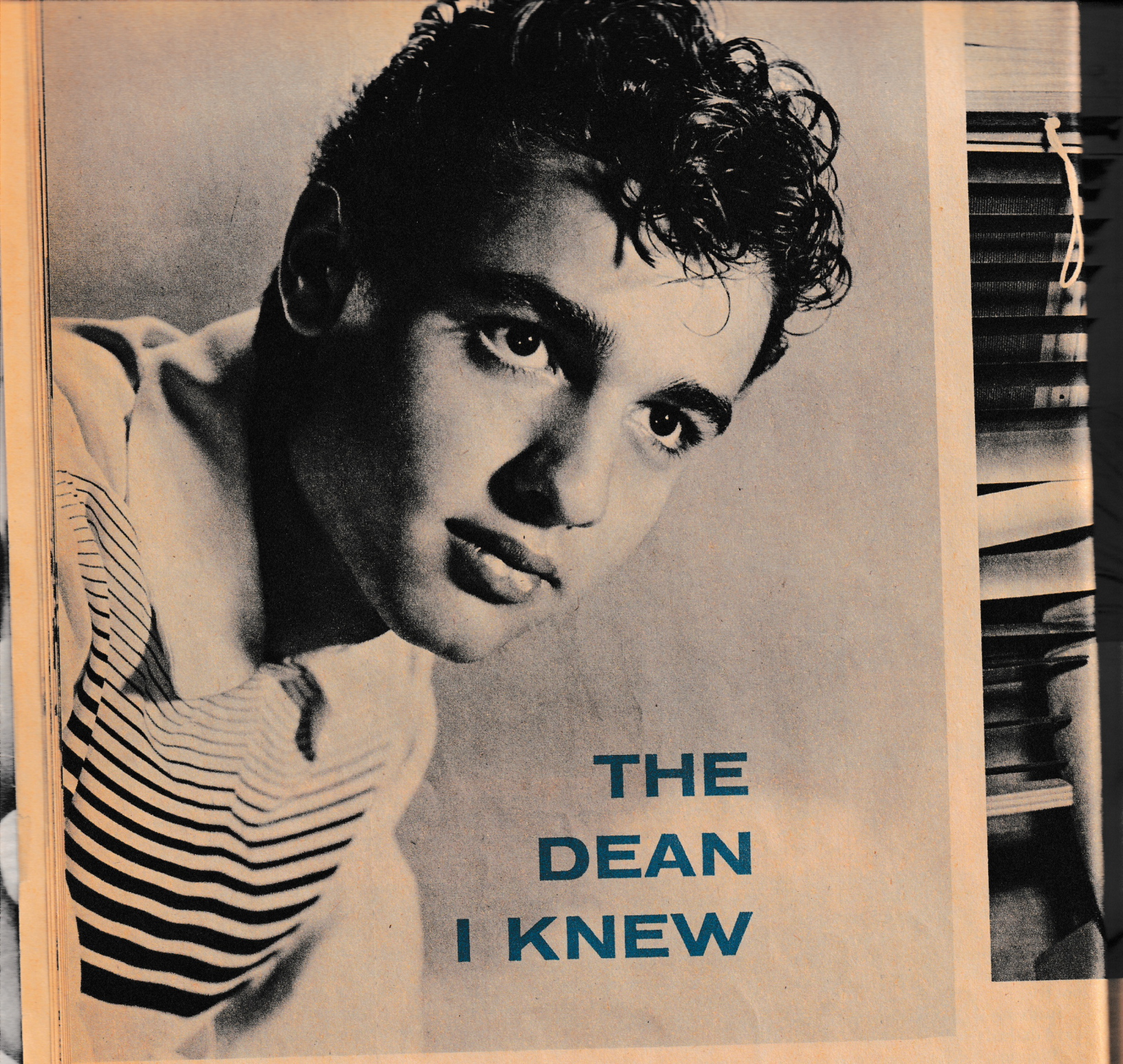
"That," Jimmy said, beaming devilishly like a Cheshire cat, "is the most beautiful I've ever seen Lori look. But you should have seen her blush."

To me, that incident is the key to Jimmy Dean. He had liked the way I looked because it was unpretentious. He was a plain and simple guy, but make no mistake—with that simplicity went a rare sort of individualism. Some people have called him an exhibitionist, but to me, he was an individualist.

I remember something Marlon Brando once told a reporter:

"What this country needs in addition to a five cent cigar," he said, "is five cents worth of tolerance for a person's individuality."

I couldn't agree more. Too many people plod through life conforming to conventions just because they do not [*Please turn to page* 59]



THE DEAN I KNEW

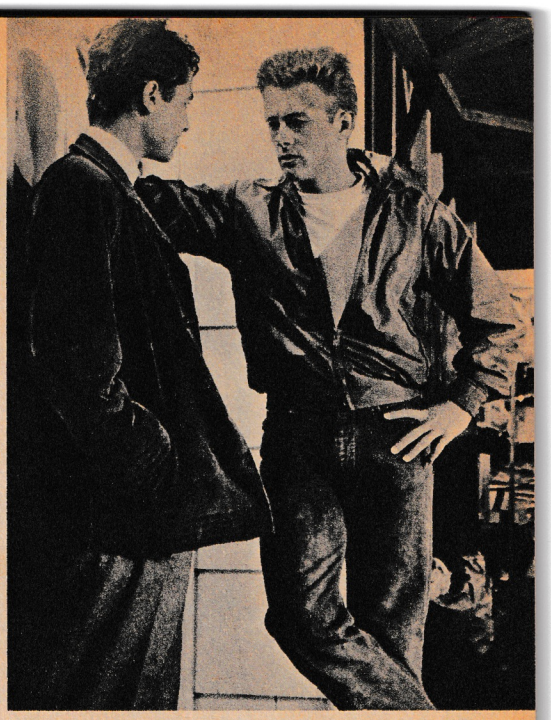
BY SAL MINEO as told to Larry Thomas

At first, we didn't hit it off. Then gradually I learned the ins and outs of friendship with James Dean

I first met James Dean at Nick Ray's apartment. Nick was the director assigned to *Rebel Without a Cause,* and he and Jimmy were looking for an actor to play the part of Plato, the younger boy in the film. My agent had set up a reading for me.

To tell the truth, I don't remember very much about the first part of that session. I know both Jimmy and I were nervous and didn't hit it off

Jimmy Dean was something special to each person who knew him. Sal Mineo found him anything but weird or unusual. He may have been complex, but he was a great guy with tremendous talent.



Between scenes on *Rebel Without a Cause*, Jimmy would take Sal aside and coach him.

Natalie Wood could talk about nothing but Jimmy after she met him the first time. They had lots of fun working together.

very well at the beginning. He was very casual, dressed in his usual boots, T-shirt and jeans. At the time, I thought I was a pretty sharp dresser—you know, pegged pants, fancy tie, etc. I think he figured I was a real square.

We were to read two scenes from the picture. The first was a hysterical laughing scene which later was cut from the film. The second was the final scene at the planetarium. We went through them and there was just nothing there. I didn't come over at all. I was almost sick because I wanted the part so badly. Nick finally walked over, closed the script I had in my lap and suggested we sit and talk for a while. When Jimmy found out I was from the Bronx, we started gabbing about New York, then progressed to cars and, almost before we knew it, the three of us were like old buddies.

Then we went back to the script and read through the scenes again. This time, it went off like clockwork. When we reached the hysterical laughing bit, Jimmy gave out with that special giggle of his. I couldn't help but follow along, and soon the three of us were shaking the walls with laughter. We just couldn't stop.

Jimmy would slump down on the nearest object to rest or sign autographs for set visitors, much to their amusement.

Director Nick Ray and Jimmy had many laughs on the set together, but while in front of the cameras, it was strictly serious business.

After that, it was easy. I had the part as far as Nick and Jimmy were concerned. I still had to make a test for the studio of those same two scenes, but I went home that evening confident that I had made two new friends and nailed down a good part at the same time.

When the picture started shooting, we had a ball. Jimmy was wonderful to work with. When we were rehearsing, he kept us all on our toes. With no warning whatsoever, he'd throw in different lines and improvise through scenes.

It was tough at first, for I'd never worked that way before, but I learned a lot from him. Nick Ray didn't object to Jimmy's improvisations on the script. He felt that if we relaxed and did what seemed most natural to us, it would come over that way on film.

Jimmy would work with me and coach me through our scenes when we were rehearsing. It gave me a strange feeling, though, for he almost never looked at me during these sessions. He might be staring in a corner, but talking to me. It was almost as if I wasn't there. Eventually, I think, Jimmy planned to be a director. He was always so busy inventing bits of stage business and helping other people make a characterization out of a role that he sometimes seemed to lose track of his surroundings.

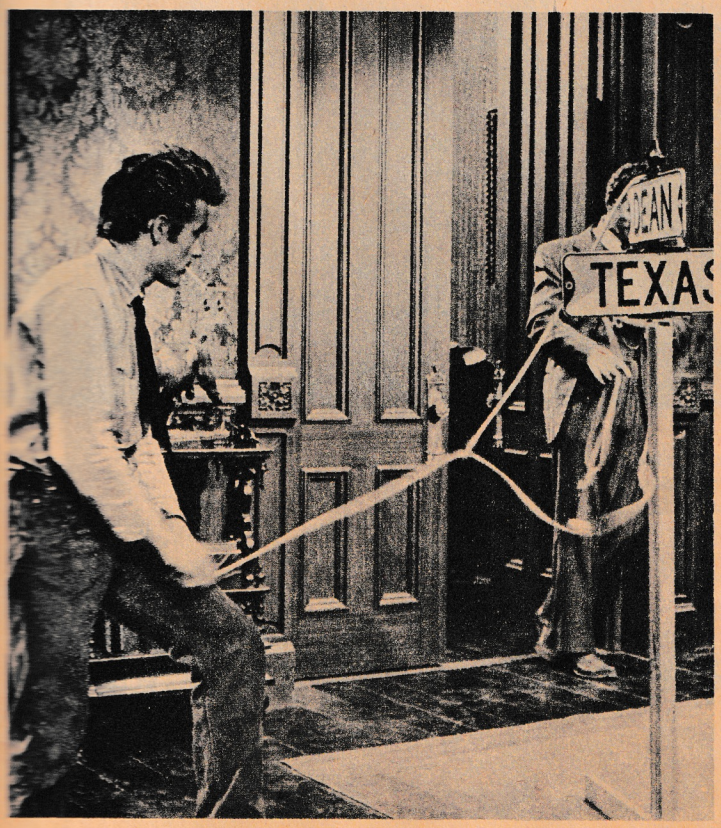
He had a wonderful imagination and a lot of his improvisations were worked right into the picture. For instance, Jimmy became so fond of Jim Backus while we were working on *Rebel* that one day he imitated him on the set. It broke up the cast and crew, and Nick was so impressed that he had the scene written into the script.

The crew liked Jimmy. He was always wise-cracking and joking with them. But I think they liked him mostly because they realized he was a great talent. One day, he rode his motorcycle right onto the set. Even that didn't faze them. They laughed so hard that Jimmy rode in circles through all the various sets for several minutes.

When we were doing location shots on the picture, Jimmy occasionally asked me to ride out with him in the studio limousine. The deserted mansion scenes in *Rebel* were shot in the same house that was used for the movie *Sunset Boulevard*. Ironically enough, it's located out on Wilshire Boulevard at Crenshaw, not Sunset at all. A couple of caretakers live there now, but otherwise it's deserted and in pretty bad shape. The studio didn't have to do very much to make it look as run down and eerie as it did in the movie. Jimmy and I used to laugh and joke about how nice it must have been to live there in the old days when people could afford to keep a place that size. And on days when he brought his own car, Jimmy would drive me home in his new Porsche when we finished shooting. He was crazy about that car.

Despite all of this, I can't say that I knew Jimmy Dean really well. Actually, I only worked with him for about eight weeks on *Rebel*. Though we're both in *Giant*, none of our scenes are played together, so we weren't [*Please turn to page* 58]

Jimmy's lack of fear while driving his sports car in the races wor-ried his studio and friends, but he wouldn't listen to their warnings.



The sign above was a special gift to Jimmy when he returned from the *Giant* location in Texas. He hung it outside his dressing room.

The motorcycle was his first love. He caused mild hysterics the day he drove it right onto the set of *Rebel.*

Hollywood columnist Hedda Hopper was one of James Dean's most ardent fans. From the very start of his movie career, she was the only member of the press corps who managed to break through the barrier around Jimmy and find out what he was really like. Because of Hedda's deep affection for Jimmy, we thought you might like to read what she wrote about him in her Motion Picture *Magazine columns over a 20-month period.*

November, 1954: Though Pier Angeli's mama was upset over Pier's romance with James Dean, she ended up cooking dinners for him. Jimmy's one of the Dirty Shirttail group of actors—he didn't own a tuxedo, so he borrowed one to take Pier out.

February, 1955: James Dean lost out to Vic Damone in his romance with Pier Angeli, but those who've seen his first picture, *East of Eden,* claim he's the newest star on the Hollywood horizon. This young lad turned down the lead in *The Egyptian* when Marlon Brando walked out. He insisted on doing his first picture for director Elia Kazan. Evidently it paid off.

March, 1955: I didn't see him, but I'm told that James Dean, who courted Pier Angeli up to the minute she announced her engagement to Vic Damone, sat outside the church on his motorcycle while she got married. He has since switched his motorcycle for a German sports car—the latest thing in swank. And he's dated Vampira a couple of times. Perhaps he was just scouting cartoon material for Charles Addams. He is sensational, sullen and seductive and is Holly-

[*Please turn to page* 60]

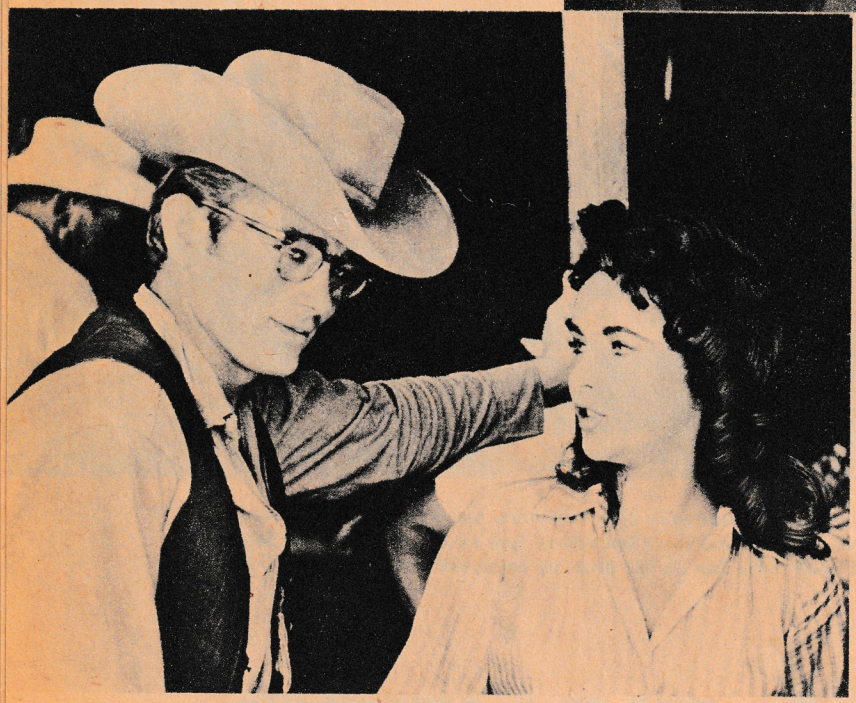
For Jimmy, Hedda was... A FAN,

Photo by Sanford H. Roth

Jimmy Dean didn't especially like reporters, but he and Hedda Hopper became good friends and she often visited him on the set. Here, the famed columnist chats with Jim in his dressing room between scenes on *Giant*.

N, A FRIEND, A FIGHTER

The only girl to whom Jimmy Dean gave his heart was Pier Angeli. With her, he was relaxed and happy. They met while both were making films at Warners and spent all their time together. He called her a "rare human being," admitted he loved her, but still was not ready to marry. Jimmy never fully recovered from the blow to his heart when Pier wed Vic Damone. He never truly loved again.

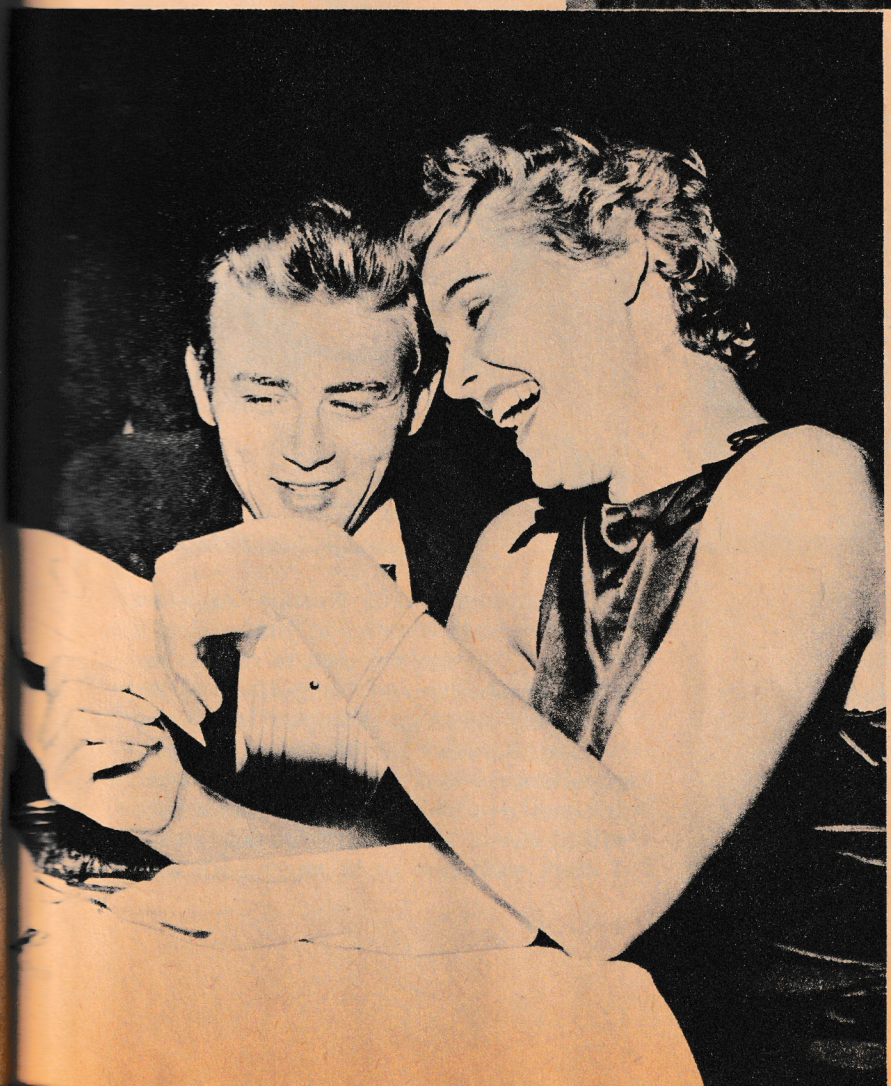


A deep and strong friendship formed between Jimmy and the beautiful Elizabeth Taylor when they were on location making *Giant*. Jimmy found her understanding, intelligent, easy to talk to. He soon found himself confiding in her. Elizabeth thought he was the greatest talent ever to come to Hollywood and was completely broken up when news of his death reached her.

THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE

They were sleek; they were sultry; they were glamorous. But save for one, no woman ever captured James Dean's heart

It was just fun for Jimmy and Natalie Wood. At least, it was for Jim. A gay teenager, Natalie made him laugh, and she was such a good sport that he enjoyed her company. He often took her riding in his beloved sports car, once even took her for a spin on his motorcycle. Both were deeply engrossed in their careers and, after working hours, would sit for hours over coffee just talking shop.



Ursula Andress, beautiful German actress, came closest to winning Jimmy's heart after Pier Angeli walked out of his life. She tried to understand him and to help him overcome his moods. But Jimmy was afraid to fall in love again. They'd be romantic one day and battle like tigers the next. Ursula grew impatient with him and dated others. Jimmy followed her, but it was too late. She had found another love.

He first met actress Pat Hardy when they starred together in a television play. At that time, he was a rising young actor and he and Pat shared mutual problems and aspirations. Theirs was never a serious romance, for they were on opposite ends of the country a good deal of the time. Then, of course, with the release of *East of Eden,* Jimmy moved into a completely different professional and social group. Still, they did date occasionally after he had attained stardom on the New York stage.

Jimmy liked and respected Jane Withers, but was never involved romantically with her. They spent some time together during the location shooting for *Giant.* Once, he and Bob Hinkle, his Texas buddy, took Jane along on a shooting expedition, but she made so much fuss about killing the poor animals that they decided hunting would be strictly a stag affair from then on.

TV's Vampira (Maila Nurmi) was more an advisor and consoler to Jimmy than a romantic interest. He used to talk to her about his career and his girlfriends. Beneath her make-up, Vampira is a warm woman. Refusing to talk about Jimmy to reporters, she said, "He is very weird when it comes to publicity. He doesn't want to be talked about, and I have to respect that. I don't want him to be angry with me."

James Dean dated Terry Moore only once, and it was certainly no romance. They went to a première together mainly because they shared the same agent. Jimmy generally balked at such obviously publicity-inspired arrangements, but this particular date occurred early in his career when he couldn't afford to be as independent as he wanted to be. He even agreed to wear a rented tux, although he wasn't very happy about the formality and falseness of it all.

He met blonde, dimpled Swedish actress Lili Kardell at a Palm Springs party, and they seemed to hit it off immediately. They both loved to zip around in his Porsche, and once Lili gave him a present of a new oil filter for it. They frequented small, dimly-lit restaurants where they were observed talking rapidly and intensely. The Villa Capri was a favorite spot for them. Jimmy was intrigued by Lili's European outlook on life; it was similar to his own.

From the bottom of their hearts, Jimmy Dean's fans speak about

THE STAR THEY'LL NEVER FORGET

Carole Carrozza, Annette Buonanno and Marie Grasso, teenagers from Mt. Vernon, N. Y., meet often to discuss their favorite star and compare their treasured collections of Jimmy Dean photographs.

James Dean lives on in the hearts of his fans, and they are legion. Every week, hundreds of them write letters to our office, to Jimmy's studio, to his father and to his relatives. They send in votes by the thousands, keeping the name James Dean at the top of popularity polls. Theater owners are besieged with requests to run his films again.

Each and every letter expresses grief at the loss to the world of this young, blue-eyed star who sped to his death in the sports car he loved. Many protest that Jimmy did not win an Oscar at the Academy Awards presentation in March.

How did this young man secure such a hold on the minds of so many? What was his magnetic quality?

"I guess it's because he was so natural, so like a little boy. He may have been a little wild and kind of moody, at least that's what most stories about him say, but he was the kind of boy I'd like to have known."

This was one explanation offered by one of three teen-aged girls who visited our office recently.

"I don't belong to a Jimmy Dean fan club. I never have belonged to any fan club. But three other girls and I formed our own kind of club. We just sit around and talk about Jimmy Dean and look at his pictures. We bought a record called James Dean, The Greatest of All, and played it, but we cried so much listening to

the story of his life and his death that we don't like to play it any more," said Annette Buonanno, spokesman for the teen-aged trio.

"I only wish I'd known he appeared on television," said Marie Grasso. "But nobody knew much about him or talked about him until we saw *East of Eden*. We'd never had any special movie star favorites until then. We thought he was just terrific."

"All the girls at our school in Mount Vernon, New York, like him," added Carole Carrozza. "I think every girl in the school has a picture of him pasted in her locker."

"We never wrote fan letters, or anything like that," Annette pointed out, "but we did write to Warner Brothers for pictures of Jimmy Dean.

"My father read about his accident and death in the paper. I went right to the phone and called the other girls. We didn't really believe Jimmy was dead. There never was a picture or anything in the paper to prove it. I guess we just didn't want to believe it.

"A couple of weeks later, our neighborhood theater played *Rebel Without a Cause,* and we all went to see it three times. We cried all through the movie, not because it was a sad picture but just because Jimmy looked so alive. I hope our theater will play it again. It would be wonderful if they ran both *East of Eden* and *Rebel* at the same time. It makes him come to life all over again."

"I don't like it at all when they compare Jimmy and Marlon Brando," said Marie. "It isn't fair. They are so different, and play such completely different types of parts. I wouldn't want to see Jimmy in the kind of roles Marlon plays."

All three girls agreed that Jimmy Dean should have gotten an Academy Award last year, and they fervently hope that he will be given one this year.

"I hope he's happy," said Annette. "He didn't seem to be especially happy when he was alive. I felt truly sorry for him when his romance with Pier Angeli was broken up. Maybe that's why [*Please turn to page* 63]

To supplement his meager income while he was studying at the Actors Studio, Dean did television work. Here, he plays a romantic scene with co-star Pat Hardy.

THIS WAS HIS GREATNESS

Enormous talent and the ambition to be a truly good actor made James Dean a star. His career climb started in New York. Then Hollywood gave him the roles and acclaim that made him famous

Jimmy Dean was filled with ambition. He wanted more than anything else in the world to become an actor, a great actor. But Hollywood gave him nothing but frustration in his first attempt to reach his goal. And he was in a hurry. Two small parts in B movies only added to Jimmy's unhappiness in the movie city. Not one to seek aid from others, he did take the advice of his friend, actor James Whitmore, and traveled to New York. It proved to be the best advice he ever got.

Arriving in New York with nothing more than a wealth of undeveloped talent, he enrolled at the Actors Studio. There, under the careful supervision of Lee Strasberg, Jimmy began to develop the realistic and appealing style which was his trademark. To keep himself in food and clothing, he did numerous TV shows.

His first Broadway role was in *See The Jaguar,* which was considered an artistic success by the New York drama critics, but which failed financially. On the basis of his performance, however, Jimmy was given the plum role of the strangely powerful Arab in *The Immoralist*. For this performance, Jimmy, recognized at last, received the highly prized Antoinette Perry Award as best supporting actor.

It seemed as if the struggle was long and unrewarding, but actually Jimmy achieved success and recognition in a remarkably short time. It was virtually unprecedented for him to be so highly honored by the critics and public for his second appearance.

It was because of this award-winning role that James Dean came to the attention of Elia Kazan, director of *East of Eden*. From then on, only triumph followed. ●

With Geraldine Page, he plays a scene from *The Immoralist*. His performance brought him the Antoinette Perry Award as best supporting actor of the season.

Part of his solid dramatic training came from his wide variety of roles on TV. Here, he plays a mysterious character who menaces actress Mildred Dunnock.

Jimmy rehearses for *The Immoralist*, with Geraldine Page, Louis Jourdan and Donald Stewart. His award-winning performance in this play brought him to the attention of Elia Kazan, who then cast him as Cal in the movie, *East of Eden*.

"EAST OF EDEN"

Cast of Characters:

Abra.....Julie Harris	Kate.....Jo Van Fleet
Cal .....James Dean	Sheriff Cooper.....Burl Ives
Adam .....Raymond Massey	Mr. Hamilton.Albert Dekker
Aron .....Richard Davalos	Ann.....Lois Smith

When Broadway director Elia Kazan was called to the coast to convert John Steinbeck's mammoth novel of good and evil to the screen, he insisted on picking his own cast. First, he signed Julie Harris and Raymond Massey for major roles. Then for the key roles of the twin brothers, he tapped two young unknowns, James Dean and Richard Davalos. Dean was fresh from Broadway, where he had parlayed a small, but telling, part in *The Immoralist* into award-winning proportions. Jo Van Fleet, Burl Ives and Lois Smith completed the off-beat (by Hollywood standards) cast.

With this group, he set about making this explosive movie, a modernized version of the Cain and Abel biblical legend. It's the passionate story of twin brothers, one good, the other bad, and a father who parcels out his love on a merit basis.

What resulted was a moving and powerful drama. But what has lasted are the performances of his stars. Here, in pictures, is the story which catapulted James Dean to stardom.

1. Young Cal Trask follows notorious woman named Kate in neighboring town, Monterey, finds she runs a gambling hall.

4. Adam Trask tells friend Will Hamilton of far-sighted plan he has for shipping lettuce east in freight cars packed with ice.

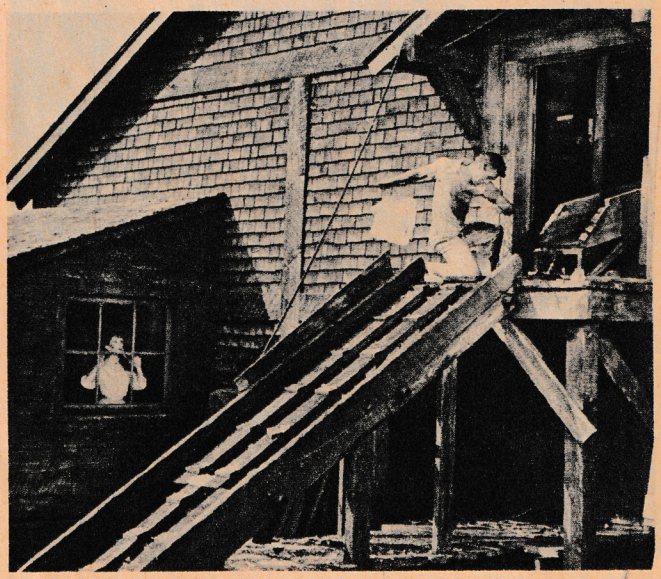
7. That evening, Adam compares the sullen Cal to his "good" brother and punishes the hurt boy by making him read the Bible.

8. Cal sneaks out again and goes to Kate's Salinas gambling hall. A frightened barmaid, Ann, shows him Kate's chambers.

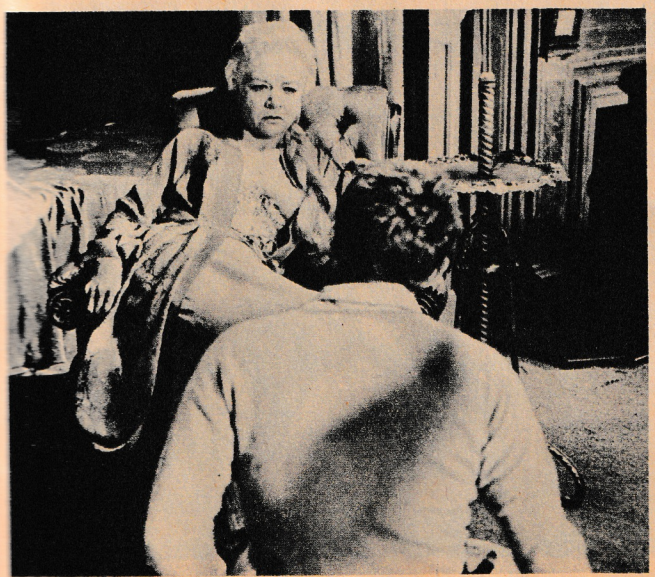
2. After being chased away by her henchman, Cal broods over Kate on the way home to Salinas. He thinks she's his mother.

3. Twin brother Aron chides Cal for staying out all night as he takes his girl, Abra, to see icehouse their father bought.

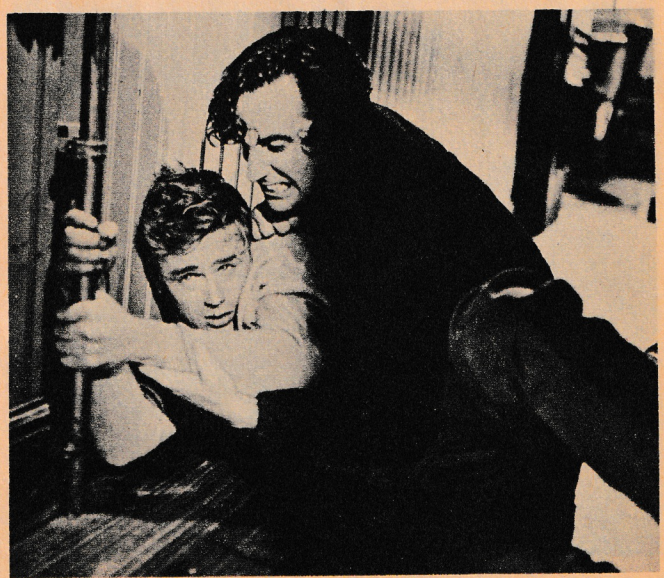
5. Exploring icehouse, Aron and Abra hide from Cal and discuss his strange actions and his inability to please father, Adam.



6. The lonely, misunderstood boy overhears their conversation and vents his frustration by hurling ice down the chute.

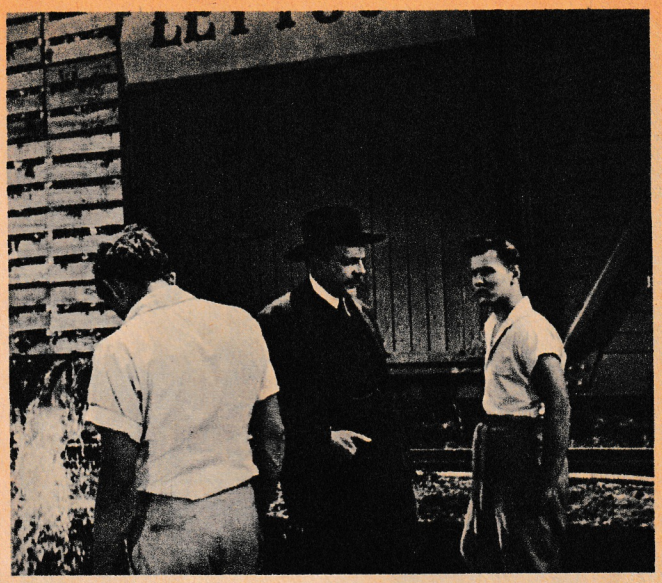


9. Cal sneaks into Kate's room, finds her sleeping in a chair, and sits silently watching her until she awakes with a start.



10. The angry woman has helper throw the boy out. Cal desperately tries to ask if she's his mother, but Kate won't listen.

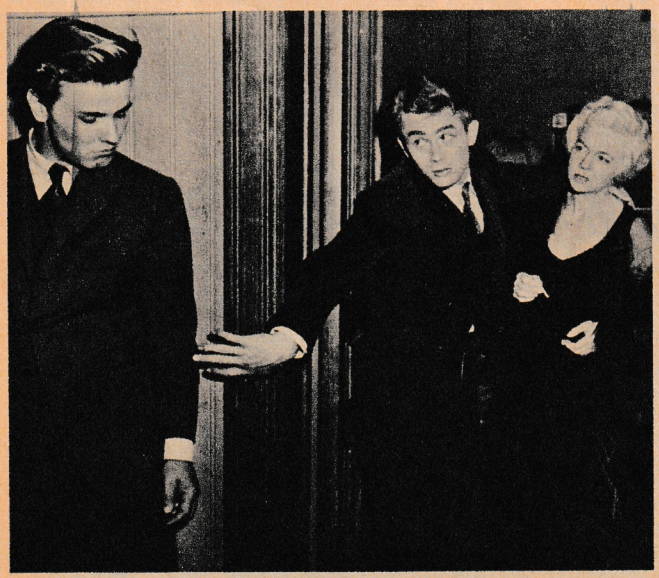
11. Friendly sheriff, Sam Cooper, confirms Cal's suspicions. Kate is the woman who deserted Adam and her sons, Cal and Aron.



12. Adam's lettuce venture fails when snowslide traps train. He loses all his money. Cal vows to make it up to him somehow.

15. Finding Abra waiting for Aron at carnival, Cal takes her for ferris-wheel ride, discusses the good in Aron, the bad in himself.

16. When angry townspeople stone German shoemaker, Cal enters the fight to save his peace-loving brother from injury.



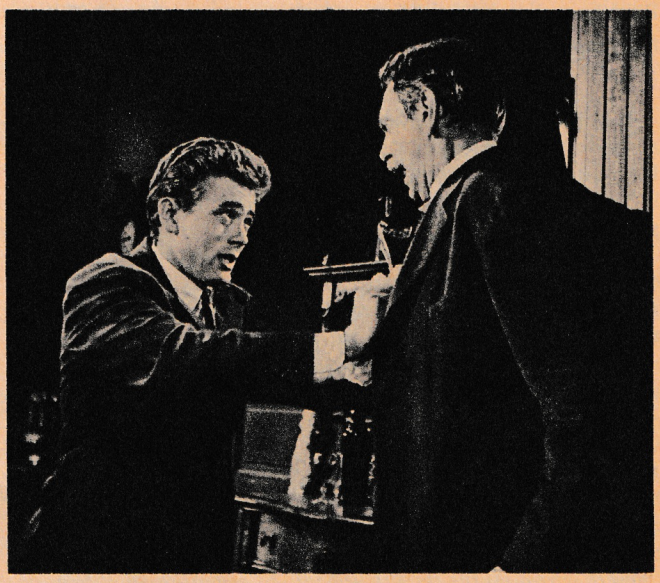
19. To hurt Aron, Cal drags him to meet their mother, whom Cal holds responsible for his innate "badness." Aron is shocked.

20. Stunned, Aron gets drunk, enlists in Army and curses his unbelieving father at the station as he leaves for the war.

13. Cal secretly joins Will Hamilton in plan to profiteer from growing beans for oncoming WWI. He borrows money from Kate.

14. Sharecropper grows bean crop for Cal and Will, and as expected, war breaks out, which displeases pacifist brother Aron.

17. Angry Aron berates Cal as good-for-nothing trouble-maker who loves to fight. Bewildered and hurt, Cal beats him up.



18. At birthday party for father, Cal presents money from profiteering. Adam refuses the money and angrily chides crushed boy.

21. Abra pleads with Adam, paralyzed by stroke after Aron's leaving, to acknowledge Cal. She knows now it is Cal she loves.

22. With great effort, the stricken Adam blesses the young lovers. Happy at last, Cal vows to take care of his father.

"REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE"

Cast of Characters:

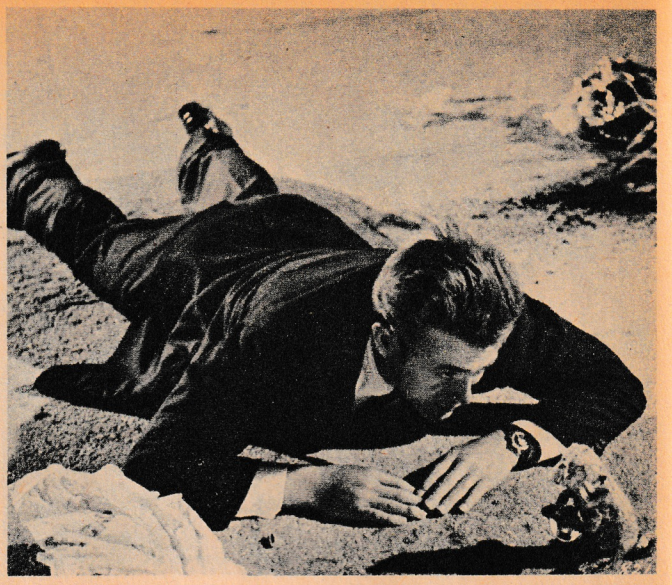
Jim Stark.....James Dean	Mrs. Stark.....Ann Doran
Judy.....Natalie Wood	Buzz.....Corey Allen
Plato.....Sal Mineo	Goon.....Dennis Hopper
Mr. Stark.....Jim Backus	Ray Framek.....Edward Platt

When *East of Eden* was released, movie audiences immediately began clamoring for more of the young newcomer, James Dean. They'd been profoundly moved by the picture. Seldom has a career rocketed as rapidly as Jimmy's did from that point on.

That's when he decided to team up with his good friend, director Nick Ray. For some time, Ray had wanted to do a story of juvenile delinquency. So he sat himself down at the typewriter and *Rebel Without a Cause* was the result. The story was harsh and unpleasant, but it was one that Ray felt needed to be told.

Ray also decided to concentrate on new faces, faces with which movie audiences weren't overly familiar. As a result, *Rebel* zoomed the careers of youngsters like Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, Dennis Hopper and Nick Adams. It also clinched James Dean's place in the hearts of the movie-going public.

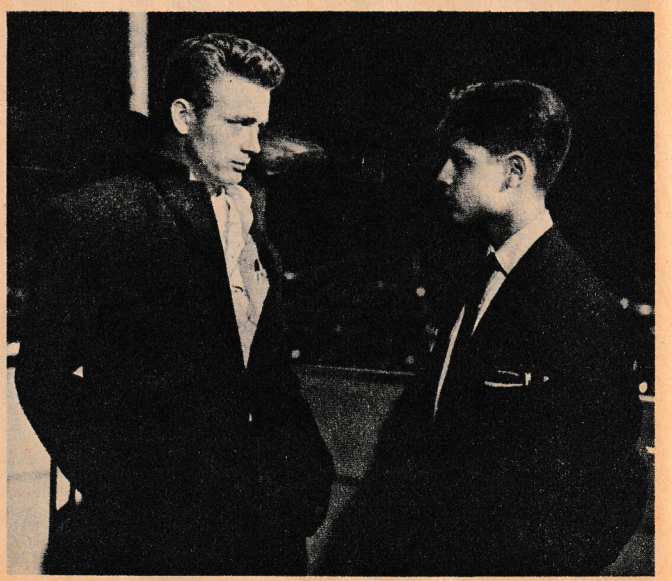
Here, in pictures, is the second of Jimmy's masterpieces.



1. Friendless and lonely because his parents move around so much, Jim Stark gets drunk on his first night in a new home town.

4. Juvenile officer Ray Framek understands Jim's problems with parents, calls them to pick him up, and helps the boy face them.

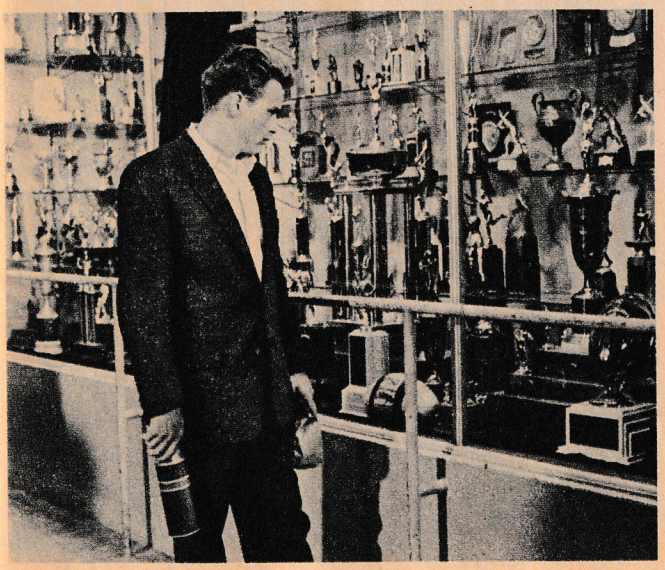
7. Afterward, Buzz and his cronies, looking for fun, decide to initiate Jim to see how much he can take before cracking.



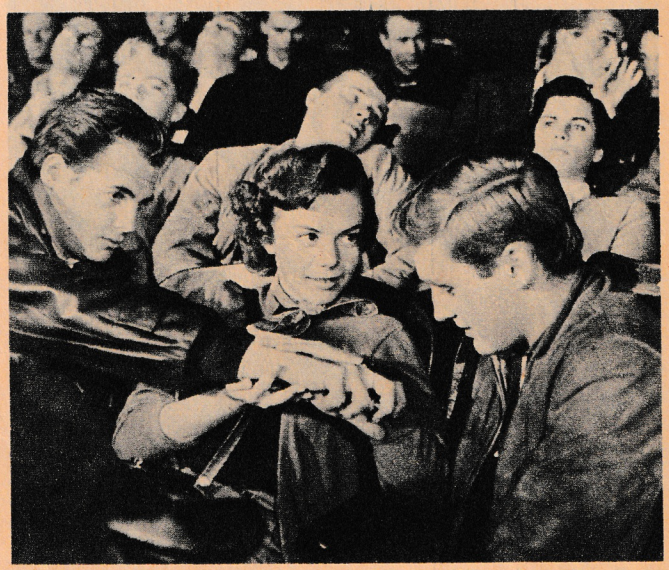
8. Plato, whom Jim saw at the station, warns Jim the gang is laying for him, shows him deserted mansion where they can hide.

2. Because a man has been mugged in the vicinity, Jim is picked up by police, taken to station for being drunk and disorderly.

3. Offering coat to a youngster in trouble, Jim notices Judy, who was picked up for wandering on the street late at night.



5. On his first day in new high school, Jim wanders lonesomely by himself, learns he must go on field trip to planetarium.



6. At planetarium, Buzz and his gang cut up during class and disrupt the lecture. They're not amused by newcomer Jim.

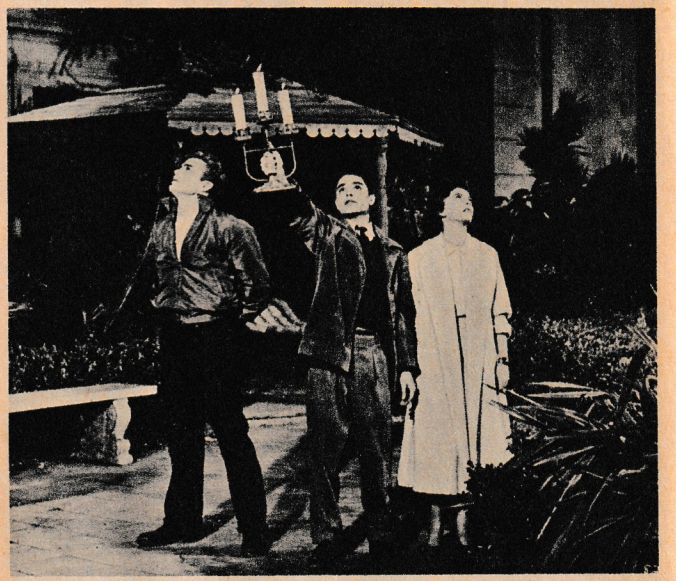
9. When Buzz taunts Jim and viciously slashes tire on his car. Jim knows that he's in trouble and must face the gang down.

10. Knife fight with Buzz is the test. Jim wins, but Buzz challenges him to show up for chickie run that night, just for kicks.

11. That evening, Jim asks his spineless father what he should do. But his dad hedges and he is unable to help the boy.

12. Later, at chickie run, the boys must drive stolen cars over a cliff, jumping out at the last moment. Judy is the starter.

15. Bewildered and hurt, Jim leaves the house, joins Judy and they go to the deserted mansion Plato had pointed out to Jim.



16. Plato finds them there, tells them Buzz's gang is looking for Jim. They're afraid he'll tell the police and involve them.

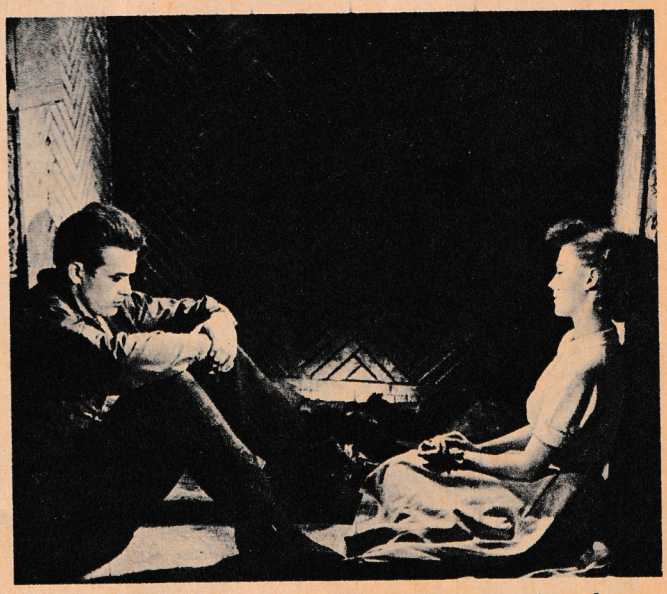
19. Terrified, Plato wakes when gang finds him, escapes with gun he brought along. He blames Judy and Jim for deserting him.

20. Fear-crazed Plato hides in planetarium. Jim goes in, takes bullets from gun and pleads with police not to shoot Plato.

13. Buzz doesn't make it and is killed when sleeve hooks on door handle. Jim is stunned and feels he's partly responsible.

14. The inarticulate youth tries to make his parents understand that he must go to the police, but they want him to keep quiet.

17. Plato, the product of a broken home, finds security for the first time with young couple, confesses Jim is his first friend.



18. Leaving Plato sleeping, Jim and Judy wander through mansion, decide they're in love and make plans for the future.

21. Jim and Judy coax the nervous boy from planetarium, but lights blind him and he tries to escape carrying empty gun.

22. Police gun Plato down, thinking he's going to shoot Jim. The broken-hearted boy follows Plato's body to the ambulance.

GIANT

Cast of Characters:

Jett Rink.....James Dean	Luz. Mercedes McCambridge
Leslie .....Elizabeth Taylor	Uncle Bawley.....Chill Wills
Bick .....Rock Hudson	Luz II.....Carroll Baker
Vashti .....Jane Withers	Jordy .....Dennis Hopper

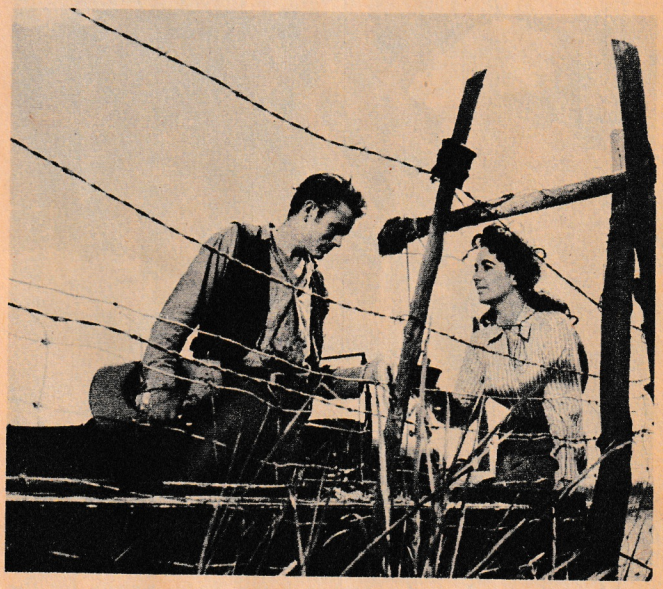
From the very start, Edna Ferber's gigantic novel of Texas created a furor. It's rumored that some of that mighty state's citizens suggested she be burned in effigy on the capital lawn. for the story jabbed unmercifully at Texan aristocracy.

Nor did the heat die down when casting was announced for the movie. Because the book chronicles the rise of a Texas millionaire over a 30-year period, the cast had to age progressively as the years went by.

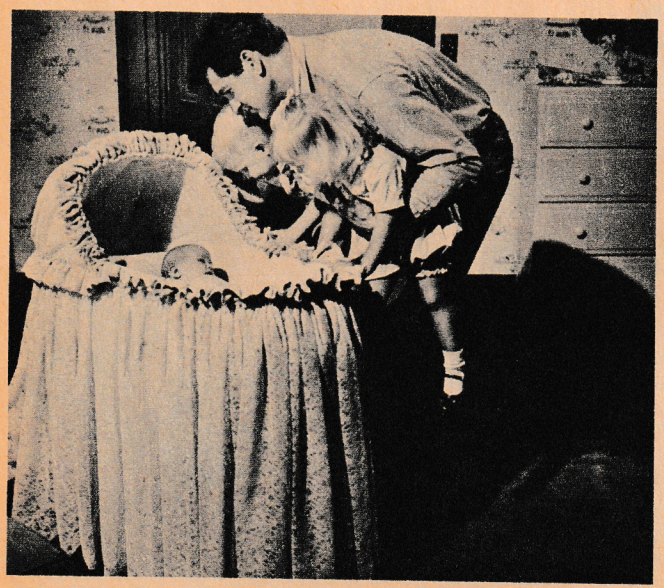
It's to their credit that they were able to carry a story of this scope. But even more responsible was producer-director *par excellence,* George Stevens, who coaxed such performances from his stars that even now *Giant* is being touted as next year's Oscar winner. No small part of that tribute will be James Dean's, for this was a once-in-a-lifetime role for any actor.

Here, then, in pictures, is Jimmy's final and greatest performance.

1. Texas cattleman Bick Benedict goes to Virginia to buy horses, but meets aristocratic Leslie Lynnton instead, sweeps her off her feet.



4. Rebellious young ranch hand, Jett Rink, taunts Leslie about the callous attitude of her husband toward his Mexican workers.



7. As years go by, Leslie and Bick have three beautiful children. Proud Bick is sure they eventually will take over the huge ranch.

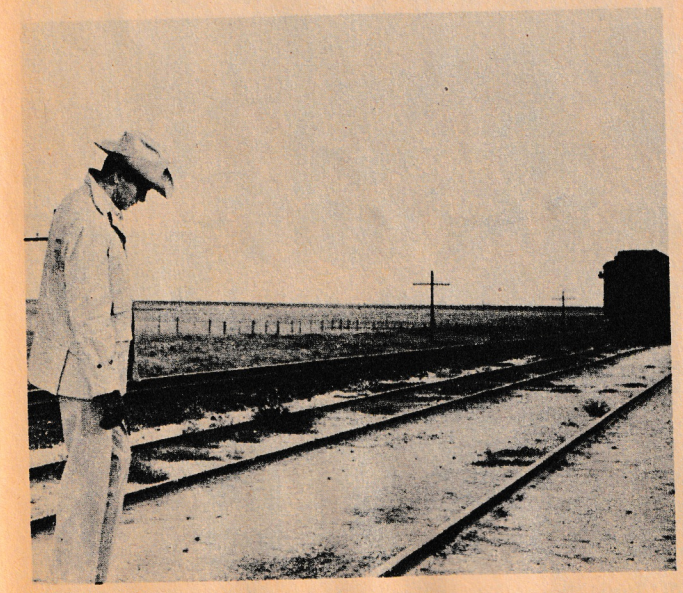
8. But their married life falls flat and Leslie constantly badgers Bick about improving the living conditions of their servants.

2. After their marriage, Bick takes Leslie to Reata Ranch. She meets Vashti Snythe, a rich local belle who lost out with Bick.

3. Leslie is amazed at Bick's vast empire, also at the money-consciousness of the wealthy cattle millionaires she meets.

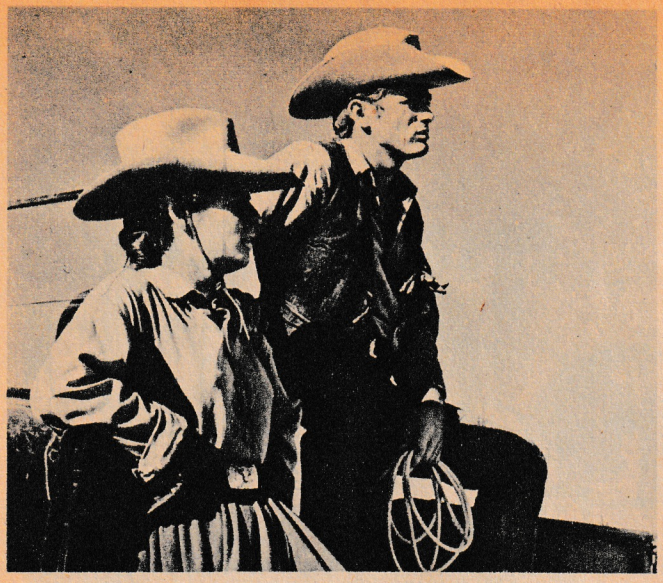
5. He shows her the squalor of their quarters, the poverty they must endure, while Bick's money is used only to expand the ranch.

6. Leslie tends neglected baby for helpless wife of Bick's chauffeur and embarks on life-long crusade to better their conditions.

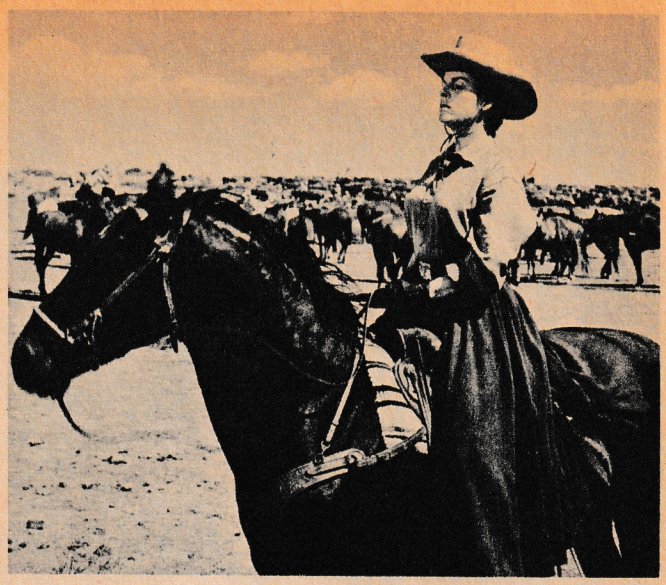


9. Big argument sends Leslie and the children back to Virginia. Bick is broken-hearted, but remains adamant in his iron rule.

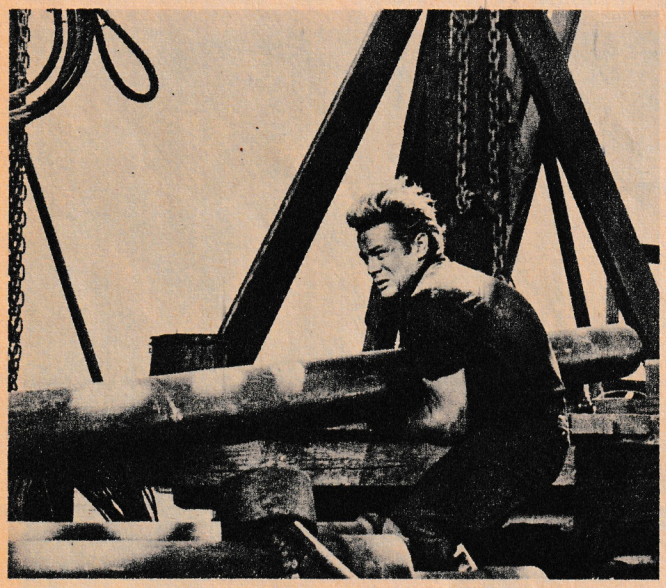
10. Refined life of Virginia still appeals to Leslie, but she misses Bick, is overjoyed when he finally comes back to reclaim her.



11. Bick's headstrong sister, Luz, runs ranch with iron fist in his absence. Hating Leslie's intrusion, she boosts the ambitious Jett.

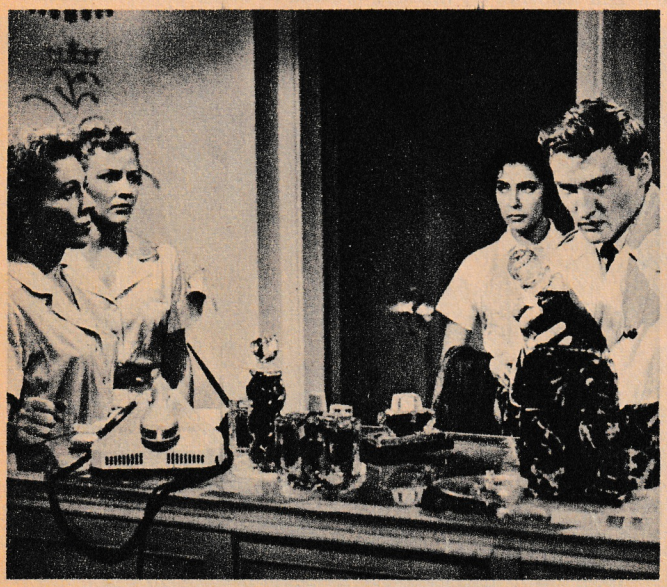


12. Luz is killed when a horse throws her, but her revenge is sweet. In will, she leaves Jett her portion of the sprawling ranch.



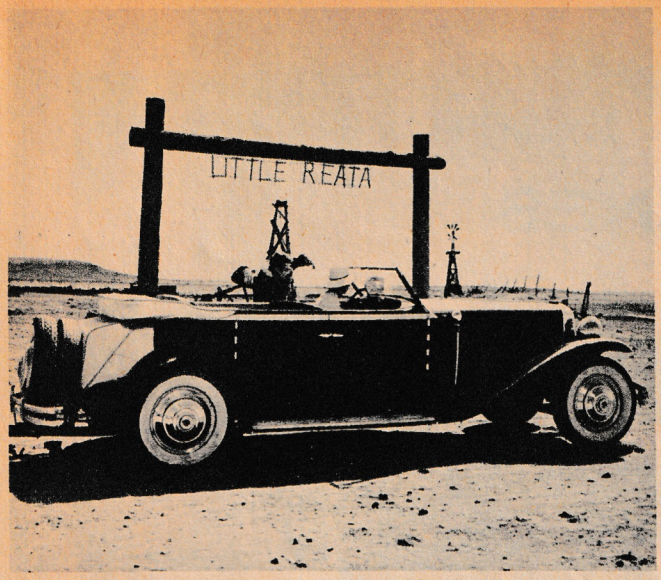
15. Jett borrows money to drill test well on his property, works feverishly by himself to sink it in his spare time from ranch.

16. Well comes in and makes Jett rich beyond his dreams. He celebrates jubilantly, then heads for ranch to gloat over Bick.

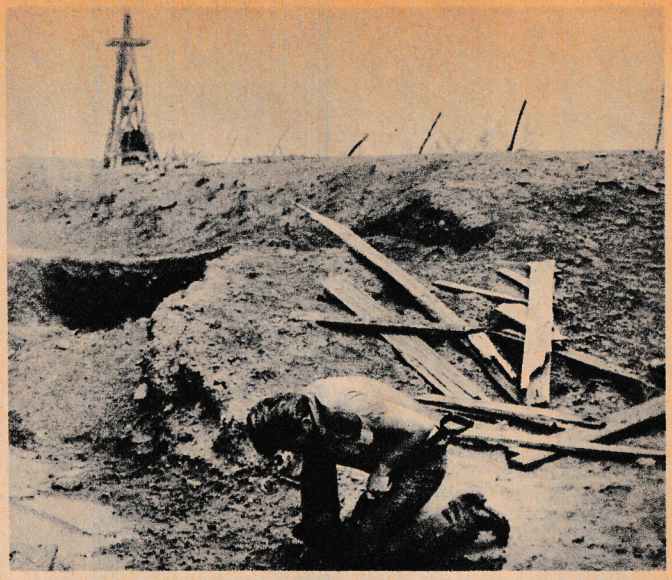


19. Further humiliation comes in hotel beauty shop where Jordy's beautiful wife, Juana, is refused service because she's a Mexican.

20. Jordy learns Jett is responsible for the incidents, tries to slug him, but is beaten up unmercifully by Jett's bodyguards.

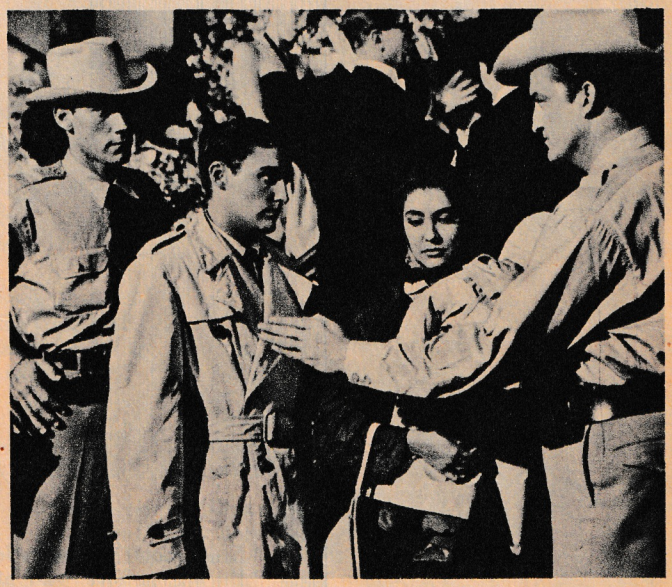


13. Jett scornfully refuses to sell the land back to Bick. Convinced it will make his fortune, he resentfully holds on to it.

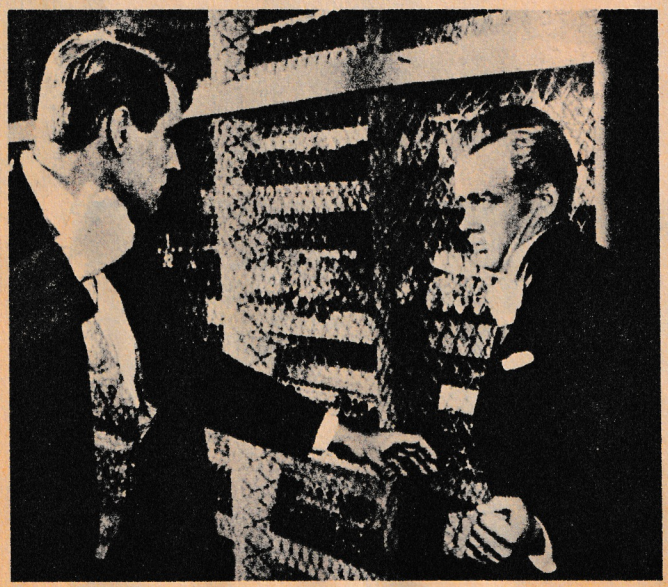


14. While working the desolate ranch land, ambitious Jett discovers evidence that there might be oil on his new property.

17. Interrupting a party at ranch, Jett quits, then viciously lashes out at Bick and vows to ruin him and the ranch financially.



18. Years later, at opening of Jett's swank hotel, Bick's son, Jordy, and wife, though invited, are almost turned away at door.



21. Learning of the brutal incident, Bick swears he'll kill Jett. But he finds him drunk and helpless and leaves in disgust.

22. Drunken Jett makes welcoming speech to empty banquet hall, then passes out. Bick, now more tolerant, takes his family home.

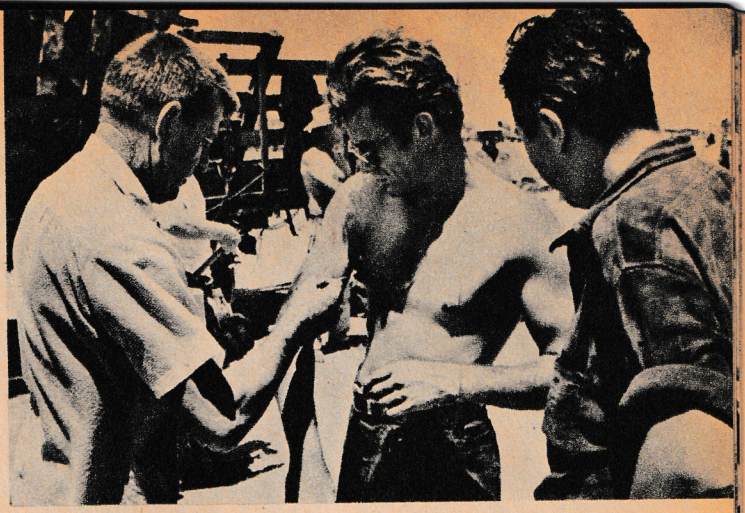
BEHIND THE SCENES

In Hollywood, Jimmy was noted for his unsociability. He surprised *Giant* cast with his pleasant, agreeable attitude. Here, he chats with director George Stevens, Liz Taylor, Mike Wilding, who flew to Texas to visit Liz.

Small motel was home for Jimmy on *Giant* jaunt in Texas. He fell in love with high-heeled cowboy boots he wore in picture, even took them back to Hollywood with him.

After working hours, Jimmy headed for the river to cool off, often accompanied by Liz Taylor. They'd toss pebbles in the lazy river and talk.

Drenched with oil for a scene in the picture, Jimmy still managed to laugh with director George Stevens.

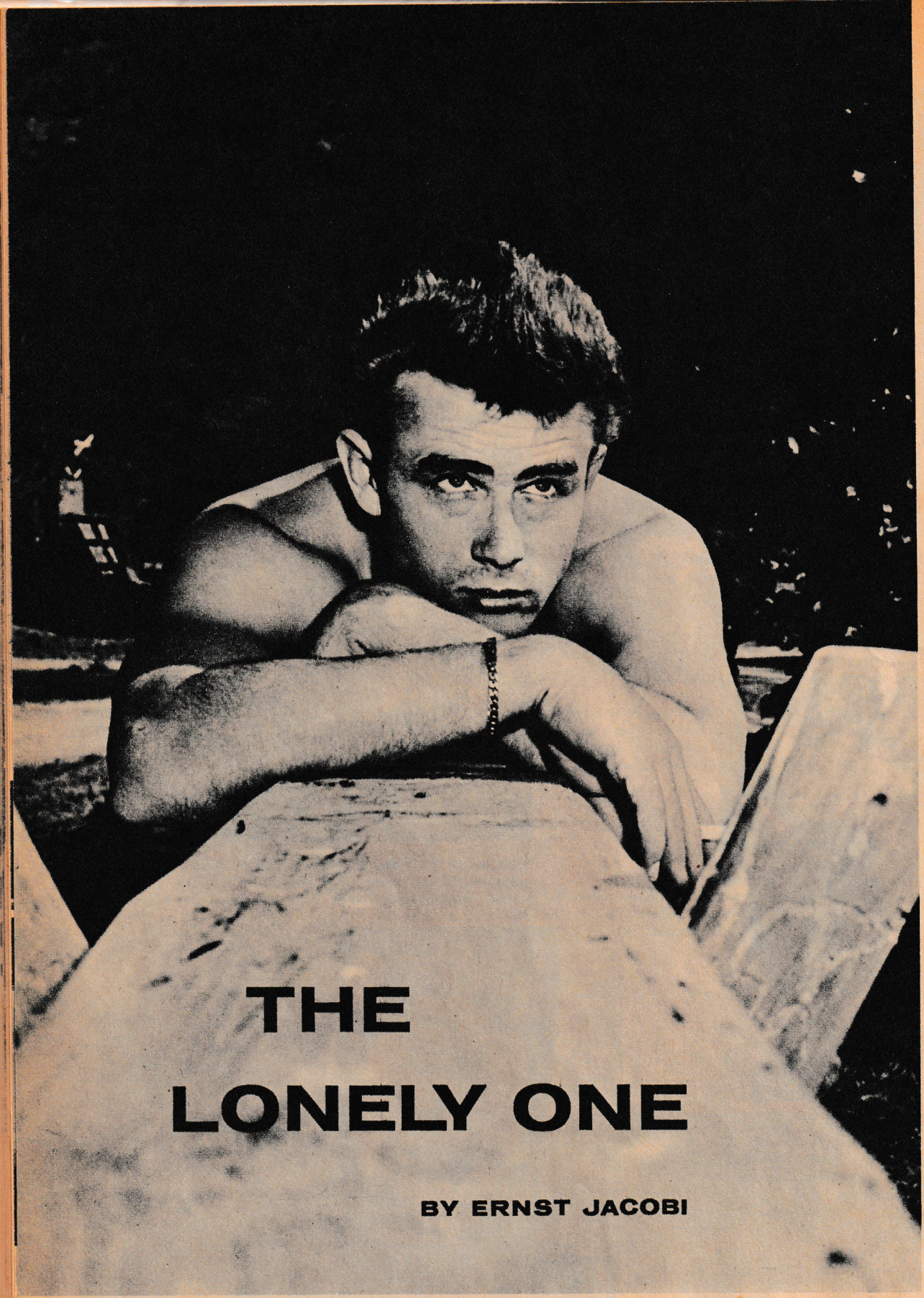


There's lots of rough action in his role as Jett Rink in *Giant* and Jimmy threw himself into it so thoroughly that he frequently scratched and bruised himself, needed first aid.

Visit to set by Edna Ferber, author of *Giant*, was a high-point for Jimmy. Here, with Alex Scourby (left) and Victor Millan, they talked over interpretations of their roles.

Old player piano in lounge of motel intrigued Jimmy when he discovered it. He and Liz occasionally rushed through dinner so they could get ringside seats to sing along with the tinny music.

Between scenes, Jimmy frequently took a breather for a cigarette in the company trailer which studio parked near the location site for use by members of the cast.



THE LONELY ONE

BY ERNST JACOBI

His moods were mercurial, his temperament an enigma. He was constantly shifting from gaiety to gloom to greatness, and Jimmy never knew why. Elia Kazan and Julie Harris were delighted when Marlon Brando visited set of *East of Eden*. Jimmy wasn't. He'd been accused of imitating Brando.

It was a lonesome road Jimmy Dean traveled—searching, ever searching for something that seemed always just beyond his reach

The speedometer needle nosed up to 150. Trailing three lengths behind the lead car in the final lap, Jimmy Dean didn't start to brake until he was well inside the long, banked curve. For a split second, he didn't think he was going to make it. Tires screaming, the light racing car seemed to want to hurtle off into space over the low concrete wall. At the last moment, the car responded to Jimmy's strong hands, skidded, straightened out and continued like a bullet.

A grin on his face, Jimmy gunned the car hard and took the lead. Some of the people at Warners would have thrown a fit had they seen him. They didn't have to worry. He wasn't going to kill himself—not if he could help it. Not as long as he could trust his reflexes.

Passing the flag, he eased his foot off the accelerator and came to a stop at a service pit.

"Good race, Jimmy," one of the mechanics said, giving him an exuberant hug. "You shaved fifty seconds off your last time. Not bad."

"Thanks," Jimmy said, climbing out of the car and stretching himself. "That was fun."

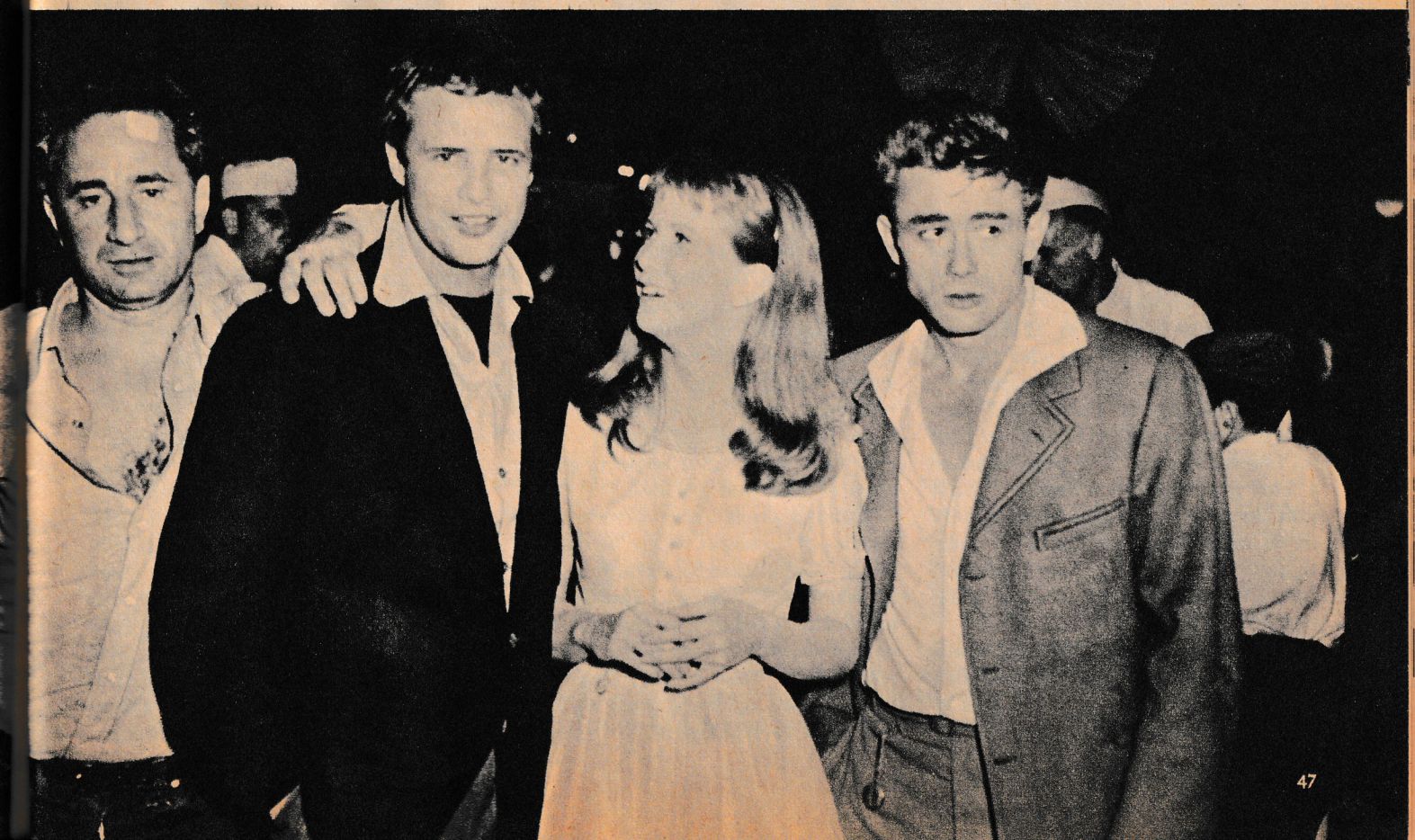
"A bit fast around that last curve, weren't you?" Brancusi, a veteran driver, said, ambling over to lean on the fender. "I'd take it a little easier, kid. If you want to live, that is."

"Okay, Brancusi," Jimmy said. "I'll make a note of it. Thanks a lot." Brancusi shrugged and walked away.

Three months later, James Dean was dead, the result of a fatal auto crash in his Porsche sports car.

Risking his neck—whenever, however, whichever way he pleased—was one of Jimmy Dean's inalienable rights. He loved life as well as the next guy, but it was a gift exclusively his own, belonging to no one else. And he could never feel the pulse of life as strongly as when he threw it on the scale. Life and death were opposites, and Jimmy could not conceive of one without the other. Only in facing death could he fully taste life itself.

It was a concept that had become foremost in his mind after reading Hemingway. He felt a close kinship with the great writer's obsession with violence and death—understood and respected it. It was a man's way of thinking and of living. Jimmy had no use for smooth and careful men who always weighed consequences and never risked anything, least of all their lives.



Jimmy carried a pocket chess set, and between scenes played his lonely game. Parakeet on his shoulder was a present from a fan.

"Why do you do it?" he was often asked. "There's no profit, no gain in it. You don't need the prize money. Why take a chance?"

But Jimmy was never able to explain how he felt to those who'd never quickened in the face of danger.

"Bullfighting is barbarous," another, a writer, expostulated to him on one occasion. "The poor beast of a bull never stands a chance. Last year, in all of Spain and Mexico, only three matadors were killed in bullfights. There are lots more fatal injuries in boxing and football each year."

Granted. Yet there was still a difference, a difference that writer didn't understand at all. How could Jimmy make him understand that each time the matador went into the arena, he took the deliberate chance of finding his death on the sharp horns of an infuriated bull, of pitting his skill and nerve against the brute, murderous strength of the animal? The matador stared death in the face—that took real guts! And there must be a real thrill in it. Some day, Jimmy wanted to try it himself. But he never got the chance. He died too soon.

Jimmy's whole life revolved around a series of incidents where he courted death—and cheated it. The first time, he was only 9. It was shortly after his mother's death, and the loneliness in him was unbearable to the sensitive young boy. His father, unable to bring Jimmy up by himself, had sent him back to Indiana to live with his aunt and uncle on their farm.

On the floor of the barn, shortly after Jimmy had arrived, his uncle had drawn a big cross in chalk. Directly above it, suspended from the ceiling, hung a huge pitchfork, its needle-sharp prongs pointing downward.

"Jimmy," his uncle said, "don't ever stand in this spot! If the fork drops by accident, it will kill you."

From that moment on, the forbidden spot drew the boy like a magnet. One day, after Jimmy had been scolded in front of another boy for dropping a basket full of eggs, he'd gone back into the barn to sulk. He knew he deserved the scolding, but something was eating him, filling him with misery. Was it an exagger-

Photo by Globe

On location with *Giant*, Jimmy was most at ease with Liz Taylor, who understood him. He was pleasant, but not overfriendly with rest of cast.

ated feeling of guilt? Was it the sneer on his friend's face? Was it loneliness? Who could tell after all these years? All Jimmy remembered was that he loosened the rope that held the pitchfork and stepped into the chalk marked spot.

"Want to see something, Eb?" he asked the other boy, holding on to the rope in his hand.

"Git out of there, Jimmy," Eb said. "That thing can kill you."

But Jimmy let go of the rope. The heavy tool come crashing down toward him and Jimmy moved aside only at the very last fraction of a second. Missing the boy by an inch, the prongs bored deep into the oak floor, the heavy handle vibrating like a young tree struck by lightning.

"You're crazy, Jimmy," Eb said, his face white and shaken. "I don't want to play with you any more. You're crazy."

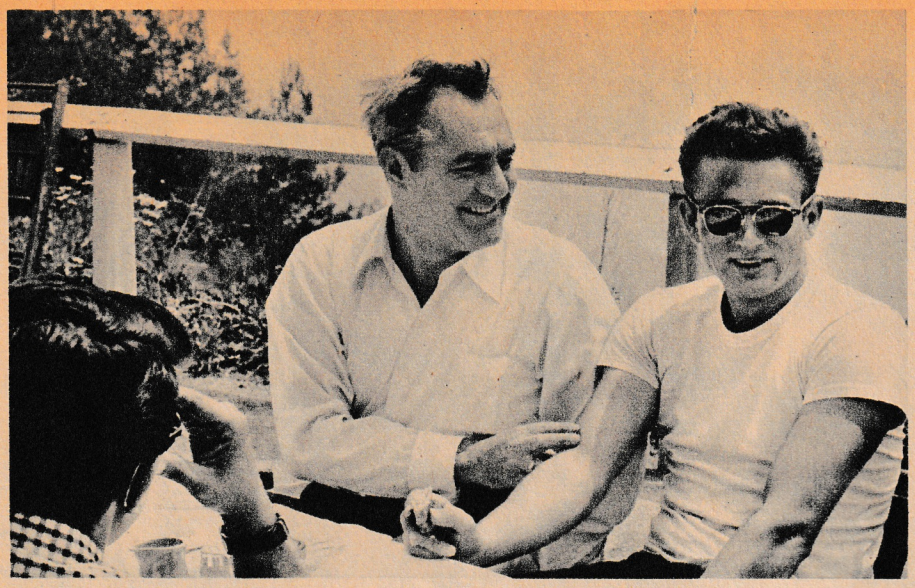
Watching Eb turn away, Jimmy freed the fork and pulled it up again, tying the knot with trembling hands. Then, minutes later, he felt a strange sense of elation sweep over him.

Jimmy never did this again, but he'd had his first taste of danger, had passed his first real test of courage—and he never forgot that day.

Another thing he never forgot was the look of awe and respect on Eb's face. Let Eb think he was crazy. Jimmy didn't care, as long as he could provoke that kind of a reaction. He had learned from this that courage and daring could give him more than just a private sense of satisfaction. They gave him status and approval, as well. Lonely, and insecure, it was exactly this—status and approval—which James Dean needed to bolster his ego.

Licking the town bully against odds gave it to him, and diving head first 20 feet down into a hay loft did it. Or allowing himself to be shut up alone in the local undertaker's parlor, fighting down his shuddering fear. A little later came sports—pole vaulting, track, boxing, basketball. And oratory. He made a habit of winning every contest he entered.

"I guess I was trying to prove something to myself," he mused later. But exactly what it was that Jimmy was trying to [*Please turn to page* 64]

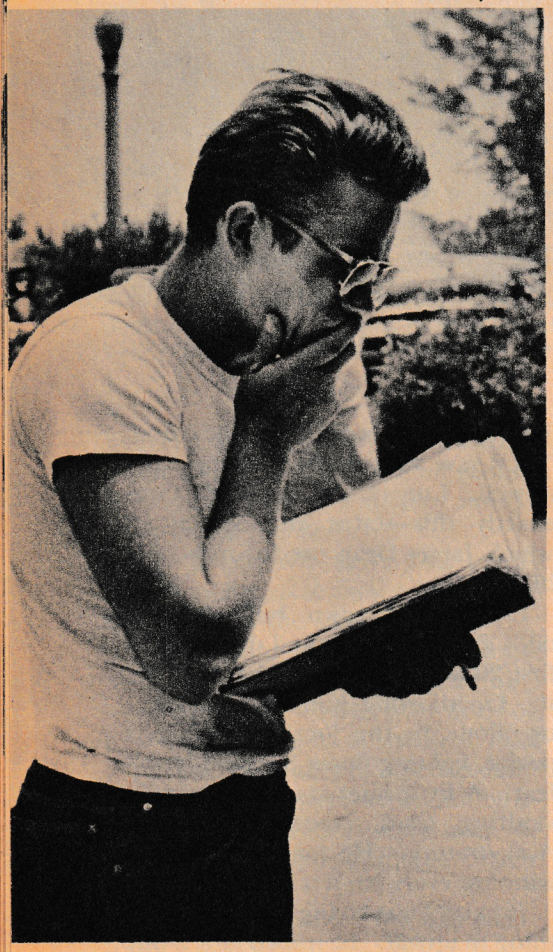


Jim Backus and Jimmy worked together in *Rebel Without a Cause* and became good pals. Dean's imitation of Backus so convulsed the cast that they put it in the picture.

Much of the time, Jimmy found it very difficult to make idle conversation with strangers.

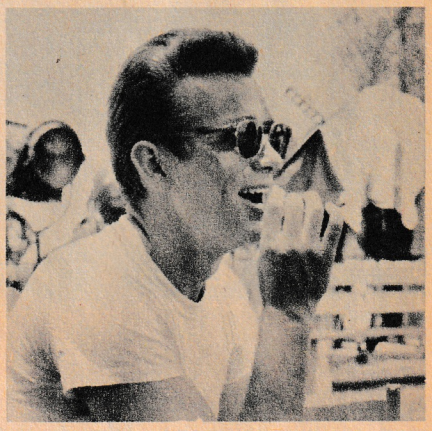
JIMMY DEAN IS

Photos by Globe



He had tremendous powers of concentration, became completely absorbed in role.

Jimmy could clown with the best of them and had an infectious laugh.

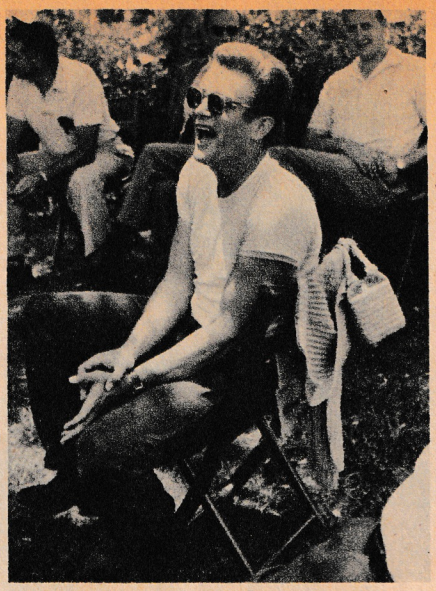


Just mention sports car racing or bullfighting and you had Jimmy's attention.

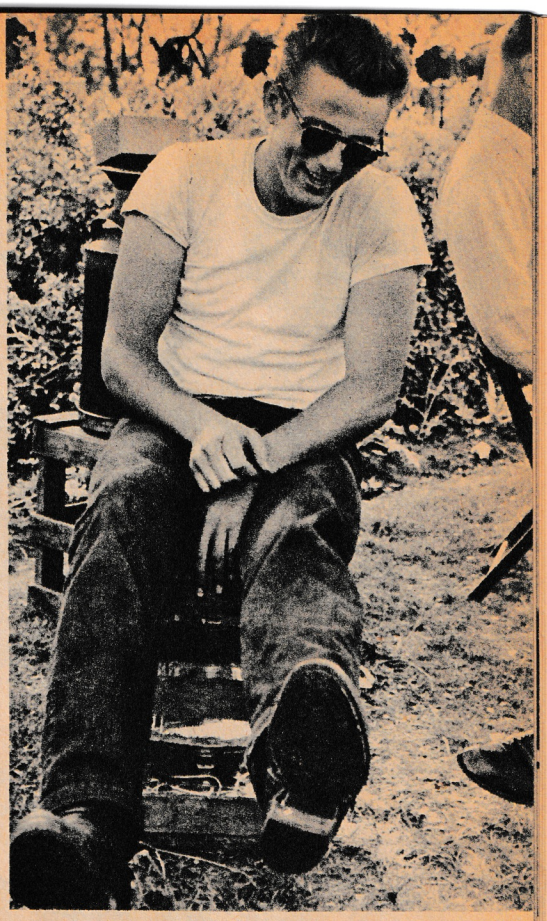
Cigarette clamped between his teeth and hand over heart was a pet pose.

His true emotions were never shown in public. A laugh covered a bruised heart.

When the topic of discussion was acting, Jim found it easy to talk for hours.



Sometimes, his mood would change without warning and he would laugh uproariously.



Jimmy was always clean, but usually sloppy. It never bothered him when people commented.

NOT DEAD

The memory of this young man and of his great talent will live forever in the hearts of those who loved him

BY JIM COOK

On September 30, 1955, Jimmy Dean was killed.

But Jimmy Dean is not dead!

Genius never dies. It lives on in the hearts and minds and memories of the people who have been touched by it. In East of Eden, *in* Rebel Without a Cause *and in* Giant, *Jimmy Dean reached out and touched the world.*

To the endless life of his genius, we dedicate this story.

Snaking down in a grim circle from a ceiling beam in the Hollywood apartment of James Dean was a hangman's noose.

The 24-year-old actor had put it there early last summer. An occasional guest would wonder why. Dean never explained.

But then, he never was very successful at defining his actions and emotions.

One day he would be lost in the seriousness of Art, and the next he would be carelessly dressed in jeans, blasting around the city on a motorcycle or in a hot rod.

One minute he would be nibbling sunflower seeds and giggling with teenagers and the next he would be frosting everyone around him with a cold, unrecognizing glare.

He was constantly shifting from gaiety to gloom to greatness, and he never could tell why.

"I find it hard to communicate," he would say—and let it go at that.

Jimmy Dean was, moreover, a busy young man.

In addition to the work of giving his remarkable performances in *East of Eden, Rebel Without a Cause* and *Giant,* he occupied himself with painting, writing, sculpting, tennis, bongo drum playing, training for bullfighting, emoting in drama classes —and auto racing.

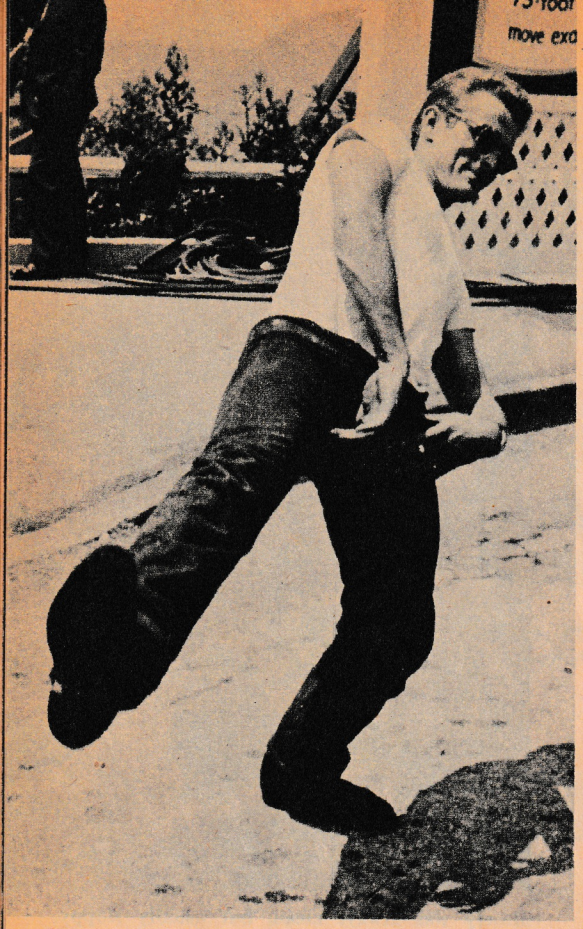
With such a schedule of activity, there was little or no time for talking of apartment decorations and what they might mean. Whether the hangman's noose was just a simple decoration or was put there by Dean as a symbol of his awareness of the loneliness and briefness of life will, of course, never be known.

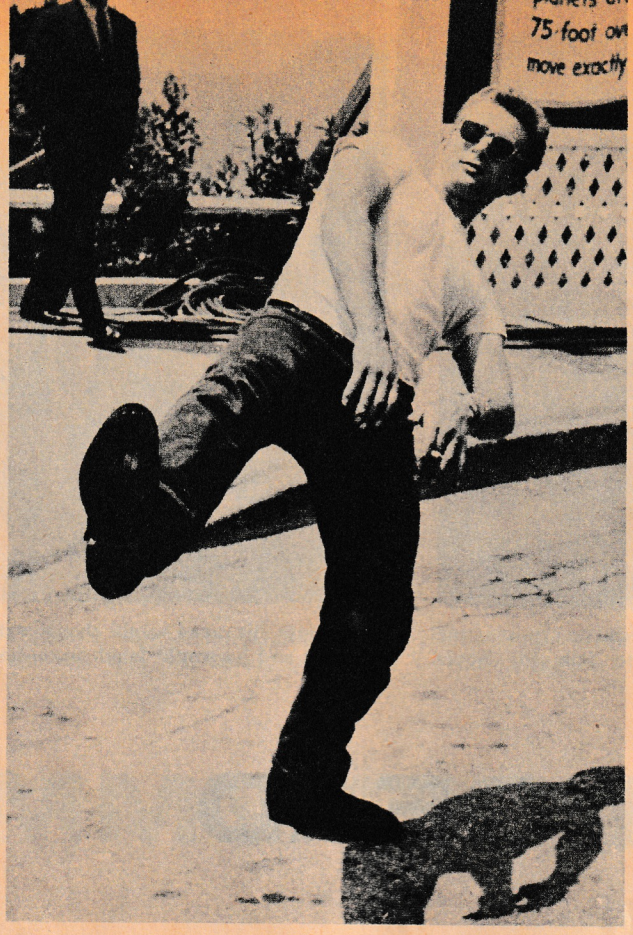
The element of tragedy in Dean was apparent to all of his intimates.

"His behavior and personality seemed to be part of a pattern which inevitably had to lead to something destructive," director Lee Strasberg of the Actors Studio in New York said. "I always had a strange feeling there was in Jimmy a sort of doomed quality."

Dean's long journey to the Actors Studio, where he first began uncovering the rich dramatic abilities that lay within him, began on a farm in the midwest.

Born near Marion, Indiana, he was reared by an aunt and uncle. His mother died when he was very young,





Attracting an unidentified spectator's attention, Jimmy danced about imitating a cowboy on horseback. He had a true talent for mimicry, but somehow no one ever got angry if he imitated them.

Jimmy took refuge from the hot Texas sun by grabbing a snooze in someone's ranch wagon. He never bothered to find out whose car it was. He was an expert cat-napper.

In Texas, Jimmy really went native. In boots, levis, silver-buckled belt, heavy shirt and ten-gallon hat, he relaxed in his very citified motel room.

and his father later moved to California to work as a dental technician.

Dean was particularly close to his grandfather on the farm, but to few others. Years later, he spoke of the fine old stories told by his grandfather; they perhaps were responsible for Dean's imaginative dramatic insight and his strength of fantasy.

In high school, he got his first feel of the stage.

"One of my teachers was a frustrated actress," he said a few years ago. "Because of her, I entered and won a state oratorical dramatic contest. I recited a Dickens piece called *The Madman*."

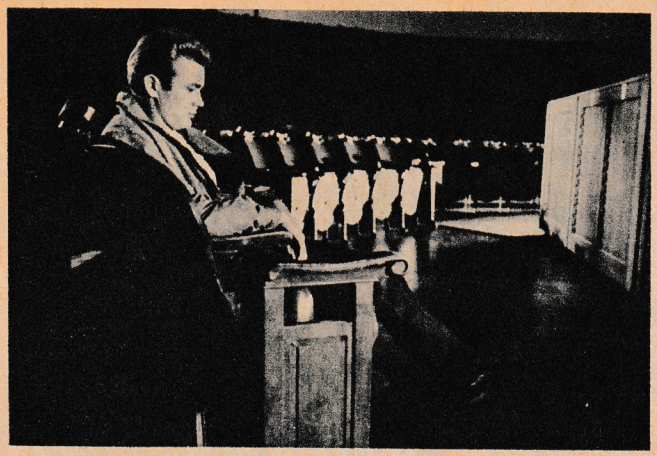
He left Indiana after high school to live with his father in Los Angeles.

"And just for the hell of it, I signed up for a pre-law course at UCLA."

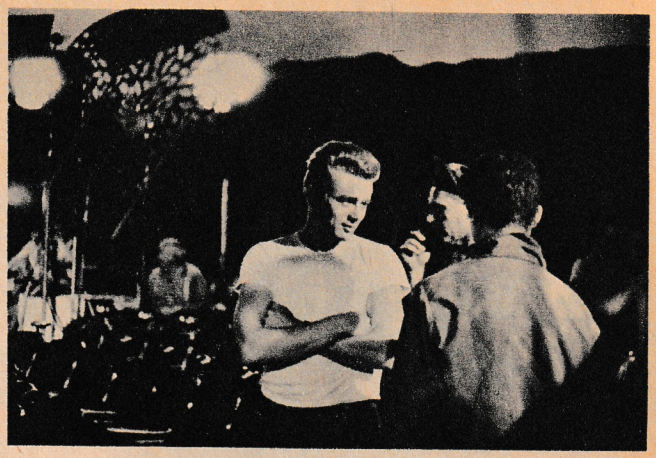
The aggressiveness of his rebellion against authority increased while he was in college. He was kicked out of a campus fraternity after "busting a couple of guys in the nose." Not long after that, he grew tired of classwork and dropped out of school.

With law put aside, his high school interest in dramatics was renewed. Encouragement given by actor James

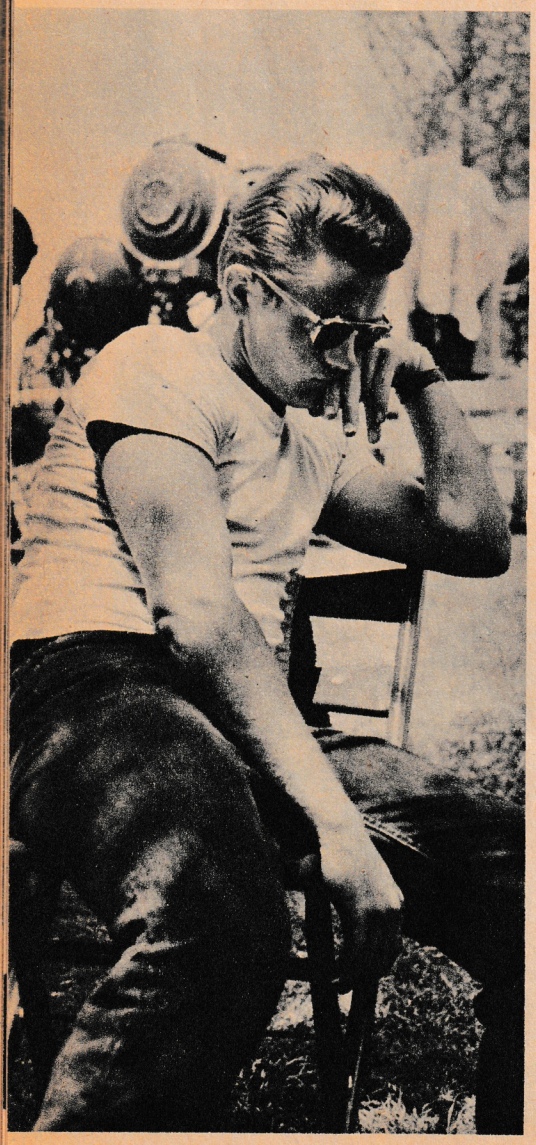
With time on his hands in Texas, Jimmy, under the tutelage of ex-cowpoke Bob Hinkle, took up roping, hunting, shooting and even horseshoe-pitching.



While the director and technicians planned the planetarium scene in *Rebel*, Jimmy brooded about how he would play it.



After the shooting was finished, Jimmy, relaxed and happy with his efforts, shot the breeze with co-player Sal Mineo.

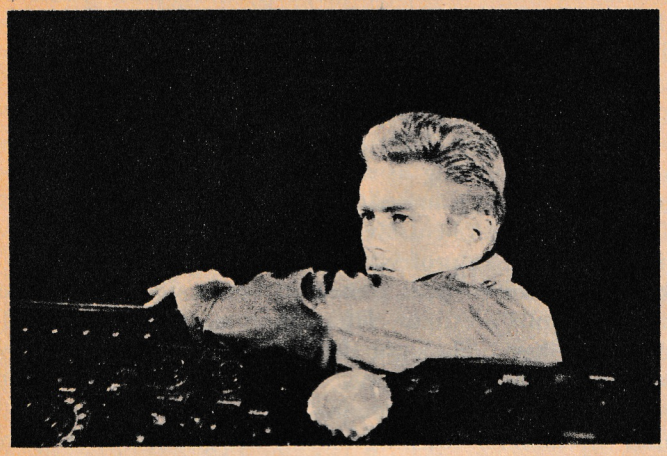


Waiting for the *Giant* cameras to roll, Jimmy flops in a folding chair in shade.

When he had a few hours off, he invariably hopped into his beloved Porsche.

Jimmy generally repaired his Porsche himself, unless the work was very difficult.

Eating in the studio commissary, Jimmy pulled his collar over his head. He was just clowning, but many people took this fooling seriously, called him anti-social and eccentric.



When the heavy equipment had been packed up, studio photographers asked Jimmy to pose for an on-the-set portrait.

Whitmore helped Dean decide to try his luck in New York.

The first months in Manhattan were lonely, troubled months for the sensitive Indiana farm boy. But by late 1953, his undeniable talent—newly polished at the Actors Studio—won him a good supporting part in a Broadway play, *The Immoralist*.

His performance as a "realistically unpleasant" Arab houseboy stimulated director Elia Kazan to choose him for the leading role in *East of Eden*.

Dean was the most stirring actor to hit the screen since Marlon Brando appeared in his first movie, *The Men*.

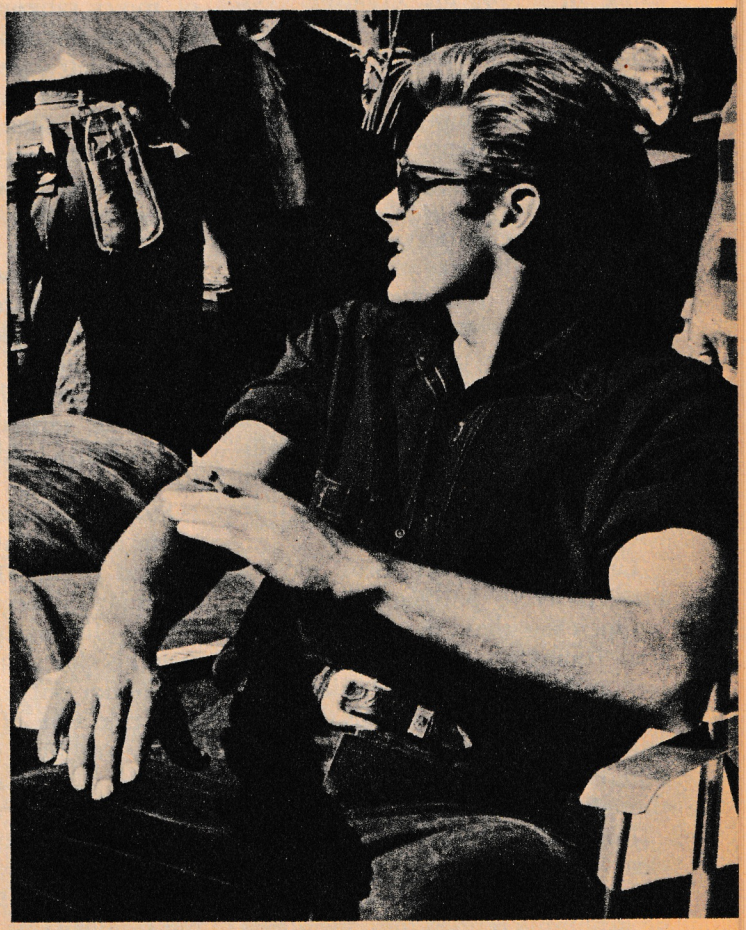
"Everything about Dean suggests the lonely, misunderstood 19-year-old," William K. Zinsser of The New York *Herald Tribune* wrote in reviewing *East of Eden*.

"When he talks, he stammers and pauses, uncertain of what he is trying to say. When he listens, he is full of restless energy—he stretches, he rolls on the ground, he chins himself on the porch railing, like a small boy impatient of his elders' chatter."

It was inevitable that Dean would be accused of imitating Brando. His defiance of Hollywood patterns of life off the screen, his employment of unconventional "realistic" actions on the screen, his abandonment of the middle voice range in favor of alternating between the mumble and the scream—all these things were reminiscent of Brando.

Dean told [*Please turn to page* 62]

With his habitual cigarette dangling from his lips, Jimmy gesticulated while chatting with a magazine photographer.



Jimmy, with the rest of the cast, complained about the amount of waiting they had to do on the location set of *Giant*.

The Man Behind the Legend

[*Continued from page* 8]

His brakes screeching, he came to a stop, jumped out, pulled the injured driver from the wreck, propped up his feet to prevent shock and flagged down another car to get an ambulance. Then he stood over the hurt boy for an hour shielding him from the broiling mid-day sun, comforting him, encouraging him, refusing to let the dim spark of life become extinguished.

On the next Sunday, the Reverend Mr. Earl Zetsche, pastor of the First Christian Church of Marfa, Tex., said a special prayer of thanks for James Dean for saving the life of one of his flock.

And that was another side of James Dean.

Just a short time later, prayers were said for James Dean because he had lost his life in an automobile accident.

The two incidents given above illustrate the difficulties one encounters when trying to explain Jimmy Dean. He obviously had a warm heart and decent instincts and did the right thing in a difficult situation. Yet, at other times, this same boy was independent and inconsiderate almost to the point of irresponsibility. Why?

One clue to Jimmy's character was his jealous insistence upon personal liberty—on individualism. He complained, "You try to be yourself, do only what you've always done and like to do, and right away you're tagged as an odd ball." Jimmy wanted to do only the things he wanted to do.

That was his privilege. There is nothing wrong with it unless individualism clashes and interferes with the lives of other people. But individualism is also equivalent to nonconformity, and non-conformity is in itself a form of rebelliousness.

Last year, Warner Bros. gave a press party to publicize *Giant* just before it was about to go into production. Jimmy was the only one to come late, and he wore his perennial jeans, a rumpled shirt to match his rumpled hair, and dark glasses. Careless? Indifferent? Perhaps. More likely, though, this was a form of protest.

Jimmy repeatedly made it quite clear that he was not interested in publicity, calling it a lot of bunk, and he steadfastly refused to cooperate on it with his studio. "An artist should be judged by his performance only." he said. "All the rest is unimportant."

Jimmy was unconventional in other ways.

Take, for instance, the story one pretty girl tells of Jimmy. "I was having a soda at Googie's Drive-In early one evening," she relates. "Jimmy came in and sat down next to me. I didn't know him personally and he didn't know me. 'Hi,' he said, and started drumming on the counter with the palms of his hands. He didn't say anything else until I finished my soda and got up. 'I'd like to see you again some time,' he then said. 'Can I call you up or come visit you?' Frankly, I was intrigued, said 'okay' and gave him my telephone number and address.

"Twenty minutes later, my doorbell rang. I opened the door—and there was Jimmy. He'd brought his bongo drums. He came in, sat down, started playing and didn't stop for almost three hours. During all that time, we hardly exchanged a word. When he'd finished, he picked himself up as abruptly as he'd come and left. I never saw him again."

On other occasions, Jimmy was known to have talked intelligently and with intense interest on a variety of topics ranging from bullfighting to Bach. But it is also reported that he once left a party in Texas with a plate of fried chicken and went out to the cow shed. He didn't emerge again until everybody went home.

He once lived in a Hollywood garage apartment so cluttered it was said he needed a compass to navigate across it, but shortly before his death he moved to more luxurious quarters in Sherman Oaks. His home there consisted of a living room, den, kitchen and bath—but no bedroom. When he retired for the night, he climbed up a ladder to a gallery where he kept his bed.

Stories like these can't help but add to the legend that built up so rapidly around Jimmy Dean.

Jimmy's disregard for the value of his own life was well known, but not even his closest friends could explain it. He not only drove his Porsche at a terrific rate of speed but he also loved to do stunt riding on horseback. He had made plans to participate in rodeos this fall, and had wanted to take up bullfighting.

Some of these antics may be considered proof of Jimmy's eccentricity, but it mustn't be overlooked that the reverse side of the coin was his astounding brilliance. He never attempted anything in his short life that he didn't do superlatively well.

In his second stage appearance in New York, he copped every available award as best supporting actor in the part of a blackmailing Arab in *The Immoralist,* and he achieved top rank stardom with his first picture, *East of Eden.*

Four months after he took up racing as a hobby, he won the highly competitive Palm Springs and Bakersfield Meets, prompting a well-known professional racing driver to comment, "the kid drives like an old-timer. He's absolutely fearless, and he's got the fastest reflexes I've seen in anyone."

Before his death, Jimmy had been learning to play the guitar and sing, he was studying piano and composition with his good friend, composer Leonard Rosenman. He was a top notch amateur photographer and played the bongo drums. In his spare time, he was taking ballet lessons. He wanted to write, and he probably would have been excellent at that.

One day while on location for *Giant,* Jimmy had a whole crowd in hysterics doing an imitation of Charlie Chaplin doing an imitation of Marlon Brando.

Talent alone, even considerable talent, isn't enough to account for Jimmy's many accomplishments. Ambition, drive and hard work must no doubt be given a major share of the credit. But still another factor was Jimmy's overwhelming desire to shine and excel and be the center of attraction.

It is surely no accident that with his multiplicity of talents Jimmy chose acting for his career. He had the actor's inborn instinct for stealing a scene and occupying the central part of any stage. Despite his disapproval of all phases of publicity, James Dean didn't like to be ignored.

For instance, one photographer reports that on an assignment to get pictures of Jimmy he went to the set practically incognito. "One of the other actors was a pal of mine," he says, "and I pretended I was getting pictures of him only. We laughed and clowned and had a good time, ignoring Jimmy completely. Before very long he ambled over and casually got into the act. As a result, I got some terrific shots of him. I'm sure I wouldn't have gotten anywhere with him had I approached him directly."

A Warner Brothers executive says, "You always knew when Jimmy Dean

was around. In the Green Room, for instance, he would hum, sing to himself, talk in a loud voice, drum on the table or with a spoon against a glass. Anything to attract attention."

This constant bid for attention was probably the result of the shock his mother's premature death had on the 9-year-old Jimmy. As an only child, he had been especially close to his mother, and when she passed away at the age of 29, her loss left a deep wound which was very slow to heal.

By way of compensating for it, he embarked on his career of getting to the top of the heap in whatever he was doing. He did a lot of crazy things, too.

"He was always climbing trees and fences he wasn't supposed to climb, and finding new ways of getting into trouble," says Helen Walters, who knew him in high school. "Once he rigged up an elevator from the top of the barn and nearly broke his neck when the rope snapped. Another time he almost got drowned exploring a fenced-in pot hole that was supposed to be bottomless. I guess he was kind of a show-off, but everybody liked him, especially the girls."

Jimmy also showed an early aptitude for mimicry, doing expert take-offs on various teachers. But there was never any malice in his imitations. When the school's principal once caught Jimmy doing an impersonation of himself, he didn't punish Jimmy; he just laughed until his eyes streamed.

Jimmy also did a lot of constructive things in school, but whatever he did was directed toward getting attention and acclaim. "Jimmy had a lot of style in everything," says another of his former school chums. "He could spit a cherry pit farther than anybody else, and did even that with a lot of dash."

Dash was one of the things Jimmy found notably lacking in his pre-law studies at the University of California after his graduation from high school. He did not take to what he called the "pink tea" atmosphere of the academic world and gave it up to become an actor. After knocking around Hollywood for about a year, wangling a number of bit parts that did nothing to lift him out of anonymity, he followed the advice of his friend, actor James Whitmore, and went to New York.

There he spent the first three months and $150 of his limited funds going to the movies, but eventually enrolled in the famed Actors Studio, where he came under the influence of Lee Strasberg, who taught him a great deal about acting and for whom he always retained enormous admiration. His first stage part in *The Immoralist* brought him to the attention of director Elia Kazan, who cast him in *East of Eden,* making him a star overnight.

With all his rebelliousness in other ways, Jimmy was a docile and easy-to-guide student with men whom he liked and admired—men like Kazan, Stevens and Strasberg. And he had similar respect for experts in other fields, men like Monte Hale, who taught him to play the guitar, Bob Hinkle, the former Texas cowboy, Lennie Rosenman, the composer. Jimmy would not, however, abide by anything the least bit phony, nor would he compromise on it regardless of consequences.

Jimmy, like Byron, Shelley and all the other romantic heroes, was a fighter—a fighter with an ideal. Perhaps it is this quality which was the secret of his magnetism and charm.

One Hollywood beauty had this to say of Jimmy: "He wasn't much to look at. He was too thin and he was probably the world's sloppiest dresser, but he was cute with it all. There was something about the funny way he cocked his head that got you. He was dynamic and definite."

Another girl whom he dated, said: "You never quite knew where you stood with Jimmy. He could be so sweet, but at the same time you were aware of the steel in him. I don't think he ever completely surrendered himself to anyone."

Jimmy's father relates that even when he was a boy of 3 or 4, it was quite impossible to push Jimmy into doing anything. "You'd try to order him to do or not to do something, and he'd just sit there with his little face all screwed up and closed. It didn't take you very long to realize that you weren't going to get anywhere with him. He was a good boy, but you had to know just how to handle him. Spankings didn't help. Scolding didn't. And you couldn't bribe him. But you could always reason with him, or appeal to his better instincts. He was that way even when he grew to manhood." ●

James Dean's Life Story

[*Continued from page* 5]

I played an Arab in *The Immoralist* on Broadway, and got an award for it, then came *East of Eden,* under the direction of Elia Kazan. I didn't read the book. I don't work that way. I'd much rather justify myself with the adaptation than with the source. I think I understood the part, and I knew, too, that if I had any problems about projecting the boy's background, I could straighten them out with Kazan.

But George Stevens, for my money, is the greatest director of them all—even greater than Kazan. This Stevens was born for the movies. He's so real, so unassuming, and he doesn't miss a thing. Also, we've got a wonderful script for *Giant.* You know, when it wants to, Hollywood can accomplish tremendous things. And this movie might be one of them. I sure hope so.

A lot of people have asked me about Pier Angeli. Well, I met her when she was making *The Silver Chalice* and I was about to begin *Eden.* She is a rare girl. Unlike most Hollywood girls, she's real and genuine. And, though she's young, she has a rare insight into life. The only trouble is, she gets confused by listening to too many people.

Something happened when I went to New York after *Eden* was finished. Things were different between us when I got back. I kept asking Pier if there was someone else, but she wouldn't tell me. Then, the night before her engagement was announced, she told me she was going to marry Vic Damone. I couldn't believe it.

I wouldn't marry unless I could take care of a wife properly, and I don't think I'm emotionally stable enough to do so right now.

To me, acting is the most logical way for a person with problems to express himself. All of us have a great need to let go in some way, and for me, acting is the only outlet.

A lot of people laugh at this, but I think every person has to find his real self. That old maxim "Know Thyself" is worth trying to follow.

Like a lot of other people, I'm searching in the only way I know how. ●

A Fan, A Friend, A Fighter

[*Continued from page 22*]

wood's next big star!

May, 1955: When I finally met up with that talented young actor James Dean, I asked about his so-called romance with Vampira. "I hear you've been taking her out," I said. "I have never taken Vampira *out,*" Jimmy glowered. "And I should like to clear this up. I have a fairly adequate knowledge of satanic forces and I was interested to find out if this girl was obsessed by such a force. She was a subject about which I wanted to learn. I met her and engaged her in conversation. She knew absolutely nothing! She uses her inane characterization as an excuse for the most infantile expression you can imagine." Well, that takes care of Vampira. Dean also told me he has no desire to date Hollywood stars, but he wears a St. Christopher medal on his belt, a present given to him by Pier Angeli before she got married.

June, 1955: James Dean is the hottest actor in town since *East of Eden.* And it might interest his fans to know that Marlon Brando turned down the role Dean played in that one, despite the fact that its director, Elia Kazan, gave Marlon his first big break in *A Streetcar Named Desire.* I think Jimmy is as talented if not more so than Brando. Incidentally, Dean doesn't like to be accused of imitating Marlon because he rides a motorcycle. "I've been riding one for years," he told me. "Used to round up cattle on my uncle's farm on a motorcycle." Must have been tough on the cows!

August, 1955: Natalie Wood, who aged beautifully from a child star to a ripe old 18, fell hard for her co-star, James Dean, when they did *Rebel Without a Cause.* Her burning ambition for the nonce is to do a Broadway play with him. I asked Natalie if she'd ridden on Jimmy's motorcycle. "I ride mostly in his foreign car," she said, "but I've taken a spin or two on the motorcycle." When Vampira read what Dean said about her in this column—that she was infantile—she called me up to protest. "I'll challenge him to an intelligence contest any time," she said.

November, 1955: James Dean got clobbered by some of the Hollywood press when he reportedly got difficult on the *Giant* set. Me? I've gotta, go along with Jimmy. One reporter had him more or less apologizing for his behavior, but that ain't so! After being called to work day after day and doing nothing more than sit while Rock Hudson played love scenes with Elizabeth Taylor, Dean got bored stiff and just didn't show the next time he was called. Frankly, he felt he wasn't getting a fair shake from those in command, and when the higher-ups took the attitude that Dean would do what they said or else, they made a mistake. Jimmy called the bluff. Dean, a highly emotional guy, likes to be wanted, and some people connected with this picture treated him like a stepchild. Silly attitude. A pat on the back is far more winning than a kick in the pants—for man or dog.

January, 1956: I haven't yet recovered from the tragic and untimely death of Jimmy Dean, one of the greatest talents I've come across in many a year. There were many here who thought he was impossible. But those who did never took the trouble to understand what made Jimmy tick. He would knuckle down to no man nor be slave to any. But through understanding and affection, he would do anything. His talent has been likened to that of Marlon Brando. I believe, had he lived, he would have gone far ahead of Brando. To me, he had the greater talent. He was more sensitive, more versatile. He wanted so much to play *Hamlet* on Broadway. He could have done it, too. He understood the character of Hamlet. Liz Taylor was so shocked by his death that she doubled up in knots and had to be sent to the hospital. I'm hoping that our Motion Picture Academy will grant a special Oscar for his performance in *East of Eden,* and when it's given, that Warner Brothers will mount it on a shaft of granite and place it on his grave in Fairmount, Indiana. I haven't seen a performance this year that could touch his sensitive portrait of tormented youth.

February, 1956: Liz Taylor accompanied Mike Wilding to Africa where he made a picture. Her illness, which kept her off the *Giant* set for five days, was caused by her grief over the death of James Dean. They'd become good friends. Liz said, "I'll never forget the look on his face when I gave him a kitten. He didn't mind getting up at five in the morning to care for it. He loved it. Sandy Roth, the photographer, also loved Jimmy as I did. I expect it will be a long, long time before we see his kind of talent again."

March, 1956: I don't believe that any of Jimmy Dean's fans were surprised when he got the Audience Award for best actor of 1955, but I wonder if members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences will vote the same way and give him the Oscar as the best actor of the year. Knowing how fickle some of our people are, I'm asking the committee of the Academy to grant a special award in memory of one of the most sensitive, talented boys it's ever been my privilege to know.

April, 1956: I'm told by George Seaton, president of the Academy, that unless Jimmy Dean is voted the best actor of the year, he can't get an award. I asked why and was told that after Harold Russell won two awards for *The Best Years of Our Lives,* the Academy changed the rules. I feel that the rules can be changed again. Unless James Dean gets Oscar recognition for *East of Eden* and *Rebel Without a Cause,* his fans are going to hate every member of the Academy.

May, 1956: Sidelights on the late Jimmy Dean's personality keep coming up from time to time. Jane Withers recently told me that she and Jimmy got to be good friends during the filming of *Giant.* "I'd taken a lot of hi-fi recordings and a machine with me to Texas on location," Jane said. "After the day's work, Jimmy would come to my house. He'd play the congo drums and I'd take over the bongos. Sometimes, we'd just sit and talk, or we'd listen to music for a couple of hours at a time without saying a word. Sometimes he'd get up and dance. He used to do modern, interpretive things. Jimmy had a wonderful pantomimic gift—I couldn't compare him to anyone else—he had a quality and style all his own."

July, 1956: Jimmy Dean is way up at the top of all fan magazine polls. Teenagers want to build a memorial to him. They write as though he were still living. Jimmy had quite a few girl friends, but the one he really gave his heart to was Pier Angeli. He always wore the St. Christopher medal which she gave him. I doubt if we'll see his like again. He was the hardest-working actor I've known. He always said: "If I live to be 100, there won't be enough time to do everything I'd like to do." James Dean leaves not only a host of friends, but millions of fans throughout the world. ●

My Friend, Jimmy

[*Continued from page* 12]

wouldn't go. At last, he poked into some bushes or something and stirred it up. We heard the rattle and started to beat the ground where the noise came from. We got the snake and, boy, was that a relief.

That was the thing about Jimmy. He was determined to try everything. But he was never content to just try it: he wanted to be good at it.

I taught him how to build a loop with the rope. There's a lot more to it than just making a big loop. You have to work it so that you can throw it off your hand just right. Before we came back to Hollywood, Jimmy was an expert.

And he learned to rope calves so expertly that I think he amazed himself.

Jimmy's secret was that he'd set his mind to doing something and he wouldn't stop trying until he got it.

Jimmy was an excellent swimmer and diver; he played golf and he shot a good game of pool. It was hard to beat him at table tennis, and he was taking lessons in the regular kind. He learned to play the guitar in Texas, and when he played and sang hillbilly songs he was as good as a lot of professionals.

He was very interested in photography and was out there shooting *Giant* along with the cameramen. They called his the fourth unit. Rock Hudson, who was also doing some amateur shooting, had the third unit.

You can understand why, with this kind of temperament, Jimmy was a good actor. He wasn't content with a piece of work unless he knew it was just right.

There was one thing that made Jimmy unhappy, and I don't think anyone could blame him for it. He never liked to be called "another Marlon Brando." I know he didn't mimic Brando because I talked to people who knew Jimmy before Brando was in pictures, and they said that Jimmy was just the same then.

When people told him, "Boy, you're really good. You're just like Marlon Brando," he didn't get sore. But he didn't like it. He realized they just wanted to compliment him.

His real ambition in the line of acting was to do *Billy the Kid* with historical accuracy. He wanted to play him as a criminal, not a sympathetic character. He'd always wanted to do an outlaw straight like that, and I guess he picked Billy because he was as notorious and tough as any of them. At 21, he'd killed 21 men. Mean enough to suit Jimmy any day.

Jimmy liked people anyway—all kinds of people, as long as they weren't phonies.

Down in Marfa, we had a little Mexican friend we called Muchacho. He was about 7, and every day he'd come up to us and say, in as deep a voice as he could, "Allo, Señors." Jimmy was crazy about him. He'd give him 50 cents or a dollar every day.

Jimmy was really a soft touch and a good-hearted guy. He was generous with both his time and his money. For instance, I had to borrow a gun back in Texas to go out shooting with Jimmy, and one day the fellow wanted it back. I couldn't find another gun to borrow. About that time, a day came when Jimmy didn't have to work. When I drove in from location that afternoon, the lady at the desk of the motel where we were all staying handed me a package someone had left for me. It was a Winchester.

When I asked the lady who had left it for me, she said she didn't know. I asked everyone there, but nobody knew anything about it. Then I decided to do a little detective work. I asked if Jimmy Dean had been in that day. They told me he had—to pick up his mail.

Just then, Jimmy came across from the drug store. I asked him if he'd been over to the motel at all. He said he hadn't. That gave him away right there.

"It sure is a nice gun, Jimmy," I said. "And I don't know how to thank you for it."

But as I've told you before, Jimmy's a stubborn guy. He just doesn't give in.

"Nice *what*?" he asked.

"Nice gun," I told him.

"What gun do you mean?" he answered, acting as surprised as though he'd never heard the word gun before in his life.

Then he said, "Get that gun you were talking about and let me see it."

So I got the gun and I said, playing it as sly as he, "I don't even know how to operate this thing."

He took that gun as if it were a long lost friend and showed me everything about it. How would he know how to work that brand new Winchester unless he'd learned from the man he'd just bought it from?

But it didn't do me any good to get the facts together and spring them on Jimmy. He still wouldn't admit it was his gift. As I said, he was a stubborn cuss. He was generous, but he hated to make a big show of it.

Jimmy was really touched by people's good will and friendship and he appreciated little kindnesses. It tickled him to death when I gave him two cigarette lighters. You would have thought they were an oil well and the Empire State Building. He liked one especially because it had his nickname engraved on it—Rack. That reminded him of good old times back in Indiana where he lived when he was a boy.

He got the name of Rack from his uncle. That was because he used to rack balls in the pool hall when he was a kid. They tell me that whenever a game was going, you could hear them yell, "Rack 'em up, Rack."

Jimmy had a reputation around Hollywood for being difficult and temperamental. That was because people didn't understand him.

Jimmy disliked being looked on as a hunk of copy without blood or bones. He'd go to premières and things like that, but he wouldn't go just to have people stare at him, to get himself written up in the papers or to have his picture taken. He wanted to relax and enjoy the film.

That's why you seldom saw Jimmy at Ciro's or the Mocambo. He liked the places where you don't have to be formal. He'd go to Barney's Beanery a lot. It's just a little, hole-in-the-wall sort of place, but you can get a good bowl of chili there.

He liked staying home when he got that new place out in San Fernando Valley. He'd listen to records or tend to the fruit trees around the house. He did his own housework, too. You should have seen him pitch into a sinkful of dishes.

He wasn't really in love with anyone. His mind wasn't on girls. Racing cars took up all his time. It was all he could think or talk about.

There's another thing that people criticized Jimmy a lot for. That was the way he dressed. But it didn't bother him. He dressed to feel comfortable. He couldn' t see why he should dress up every day to go to the studio. To Jimmy, acting was the real job. The trimmings that surround it didn't mean a thing to him.

As for neatness, Jimmy was one of

The Lonely One

[Continued from page 49]

prove, he never could quite figure out. Was it just wanting to do something better than any other person? That, evidently, was part of his drive. But it still left the question as to why unanswered. Why did he feel impelled to shine, to be admired, to outstrip his competitors in whatever he was doing?

Perhaps it was his mother's influence and the faith she'd had in him when he was a child. He was only 9 when Mildred Dean died, and through the years, her face and figure became dim and shadowy. But Jimmy long remembered the pride she had in him, the fierce, unbending confidence that her son some day would amount to something. She instilled in Jimmy the belief that he could reach the goals he set for himself.

Young as he was in those early days in California, she had encouraged him to take up the violin. When the other kids were playing stick ball in the street, Jimmy stayed at home, practicing furiously and improving with astonishing speed. He gave it up after he went back to Indiana, but the pattern was set and the memory persisted. He could never let his mother down. He had to prove that her faith in him hadn't been misplaced.

It's always a lonely life when you are ambitious, when you feel that you are singled out for greatness. It's lonelier still by far when you have no mother, no brother or sister—only a father who lives thousands of miles away.

It wasn't as though Jimmy lacked love and affection—his aunt and uncle, having no children of their own, gave him plenty of that—but there still was a sense of not quite belonging, of not being quite understood, of being solitary.

Jimmy had a recurring dream in those days. He was shut up in a glass cage. All around him he could see people coming and going, playing, laughing, talking. He could see and hear them, but no matter how hard he shouted or what antics he performed, he was unable to attract their attention, to make them notice him. He would try to shatter the glass wall enclosing him, but his fists would bounce off the walls as though they were made of rubber. It was a frustrating dream, from which he would wake up in tears.

In his waking hours, Jimmy never experienced any difficulties in getting plenty of attention. He had friends, was popular, and seemed to have no trouble making contacts with others.

"Jimmy always could talk the shoes off a mule if he put his mind to it," says his aunt. But the dream, nevertheless, had some reality.

"Jimmy's in one of his moods," people sometimes said when he'd been deliberately provoking, or had gone his own way, seeking solitude.

Jimmy himself never could quite explain to himself why he felt like that. Sometimes it happened when he was in the midst of a gay crowd. Or after he'd won a contest. Suddenly, without apparent reason, the glass cage of his dreams would come down over him, shutting him off, isolating him from the world. Frequently, he tried to fight it off by clowning, by dare-deviltry, by sheer brilliance of performance—or by antagonizing people he did not like. Acclaim, admiration and even hostility toward Jimmy could soothe his loneliness for a while, giving him a sense of participation. But often, there was nothing he could do but give in, slink off and be by himself. More frequently, though, he learned to cover his loneliness with a tough shell. Hardbitten—tough—cynical—smart-alecky—these were words that were often applied to him.

He knew this, but he didn't mind. He rather enjoyed shocking people.

As far as Jimmy Dean was concerned, it was a lot better to be disliked, even hated, than to be pitied. Nobody, but nobody, needed to feel sorry for him. Sure, they meant well. But he could stand on his own two feet—thank you. He wanted no favors from anybody.

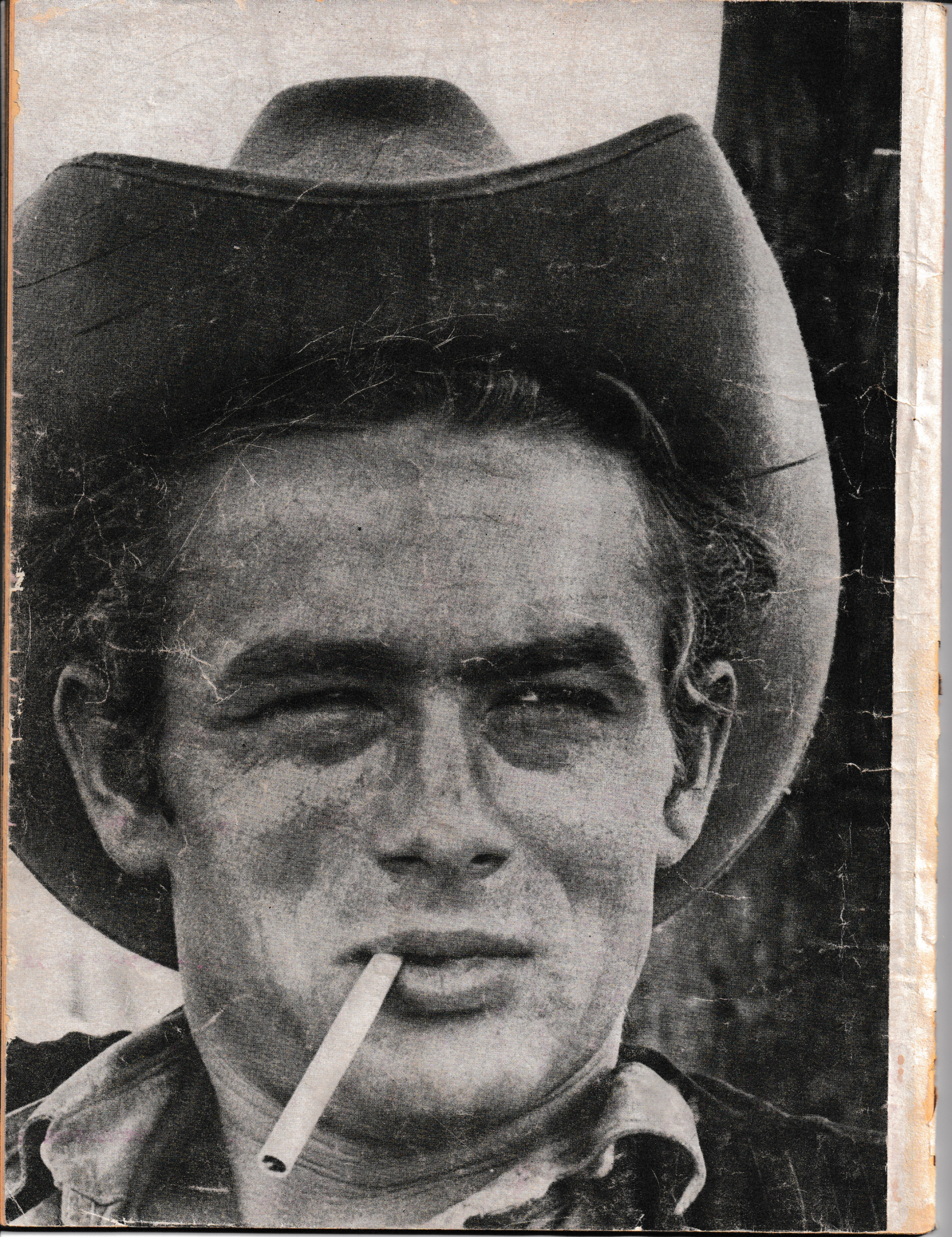
That went for girls, too. Especially girls. Why was it that women always got that glint in their eyes the minute they suspected him of being lonely? He had no taste for being mothered, any more than he had for being pitied. They had to meet him on his own terms—or not at all.

Maturity never particularly attracted Jimmy. What he liked best in girls was youth, freshness and—even at the risk of being thought old-fashioned—innocence. All the girls he'd ever dated had these qualities to some extent, and one, Pier Angeli, whom he called by her given name, Anna, had all these qualities and a great deal more besides. Anna's soft, dark eyes bespoke tenderness and understanding, and a knowledge of life and of sorrow far beyond her years. She was a great beauty, and yet she carried the knowledge of it lightly and without vanity. Jimmy had loved Anna truly—but he hadn't been able to give himself up to her completely, and she'd married another. People think that when someone is lonely, his problem is solved when he finds a mate. But Jimmy knew it wasn't as easy as all that, not if a guy was meant to be a lone wolf. He had to be able to break through his own pattern, too.

He frequently talked about that pattern, that mysterious, elusive thing which seemed to govern his life. What made him want to be an actor, for instance? It wasn't the money he could make, not initially at least, though he found what money could buy for him pleasant enough. The drive in James Dean sprang from something that went deeper than that. It was an artistic, creative drive, but also an urge to escape from reality into the world of make-believe. To impersonate someone else, creep into his character, become another self obeying outside motives, free from the slavery of one's own ego—that was the real thrill. You had to have a touch of madness to be an actor, be a little too high strung, too sensitive, too preoccupied with yourself.

That was the price he had to pay for his talent, and his talent and drive were the compensation for his loneliness. He could envy other people—people who did everything expected of them and became respectable members of the community—but he knew it wasn't for him. Jimmy Dean wasn't one of that happy breed. He was only 24, but he'd learned that about himself long ago. He had to go his own way, follow his destiny wherever it might lead him. It might be a lonely path—he knew that and accepted it. But it was the only one open to him. That lonely path led him to his death.

They say that no man is an island unto himself, but James Dean was. He didn't want to be, but there are those who just can't help it.

Jimmy kept on shouting and clowning and trying to chip away at his glass cage, and had he lived, he might eventually have shattered it and broken out. But—in his heart—James Dean was never sure that he really looked forward to that day. ●

1956 Jimmy Dean